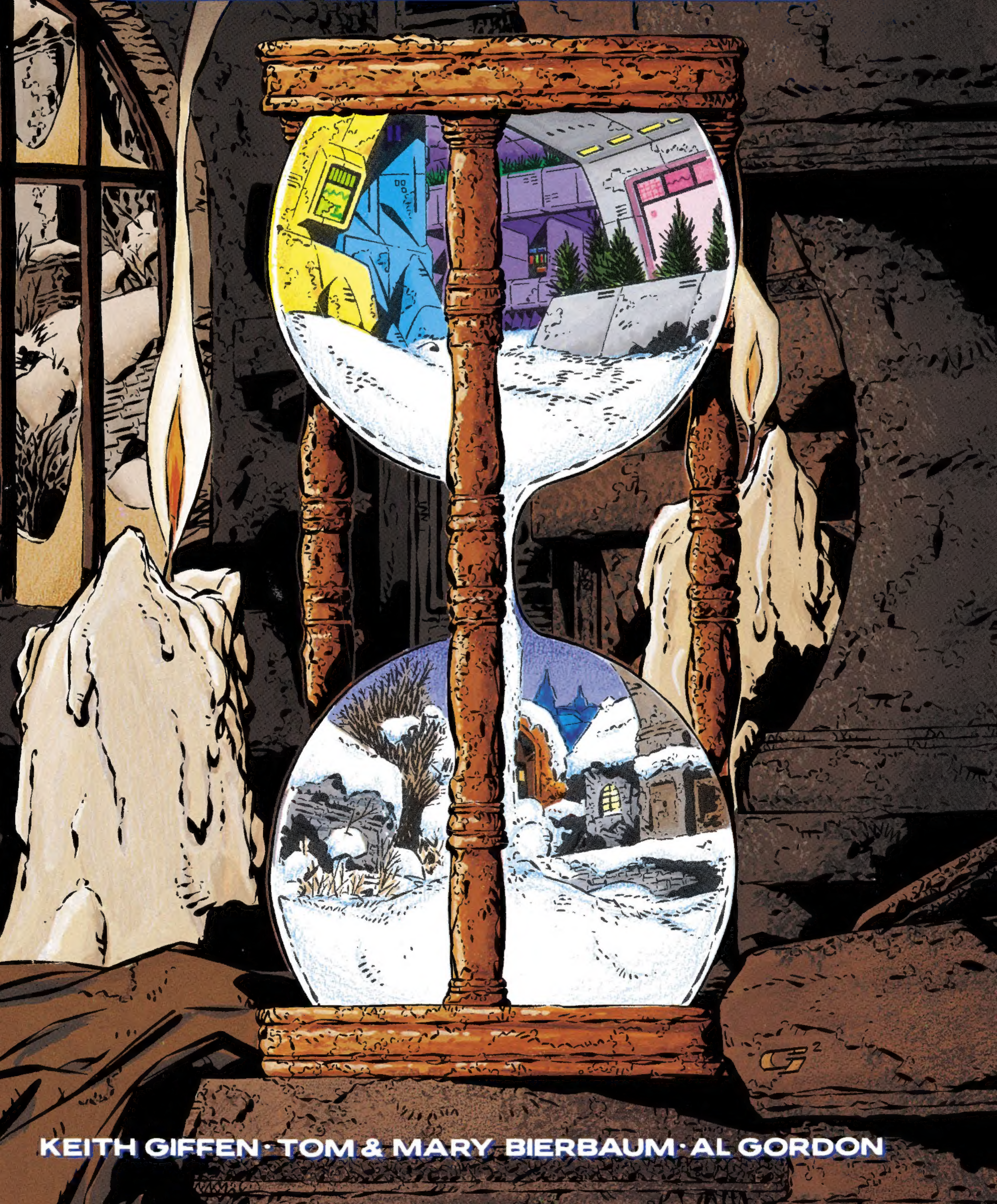


  
LEGION OF  
SUPER-HEROES  
5  
MAR 90

# LEGION

## OF SUPER-HEROES



KEITH GIFFEN · TOM & MARY BIERBAUM · AL GORDON



# Proclamation

*In celebration of the seventeenth anniversary of the liberation of the Planet Earth by His Excellency, Mordru the Great, and of the triumph of magic over the demon-spawned science:*

*The 29th day of November, in the year 2994, has been declared a Free Day throughout the Planet Earth. By the grace of the Lord Emperor, all scheduled executions are that day suspended, laborers are to work a half-day only, and the global curfew is to be extended to Eight O'Clock in the evening, local time.*

*All are encouraged to rejoice and give thanks at our great fortune, to be so wisely and benevolently ruled. Tribute must be delivered to the District Sovereign by Twelve Noon, local time.*

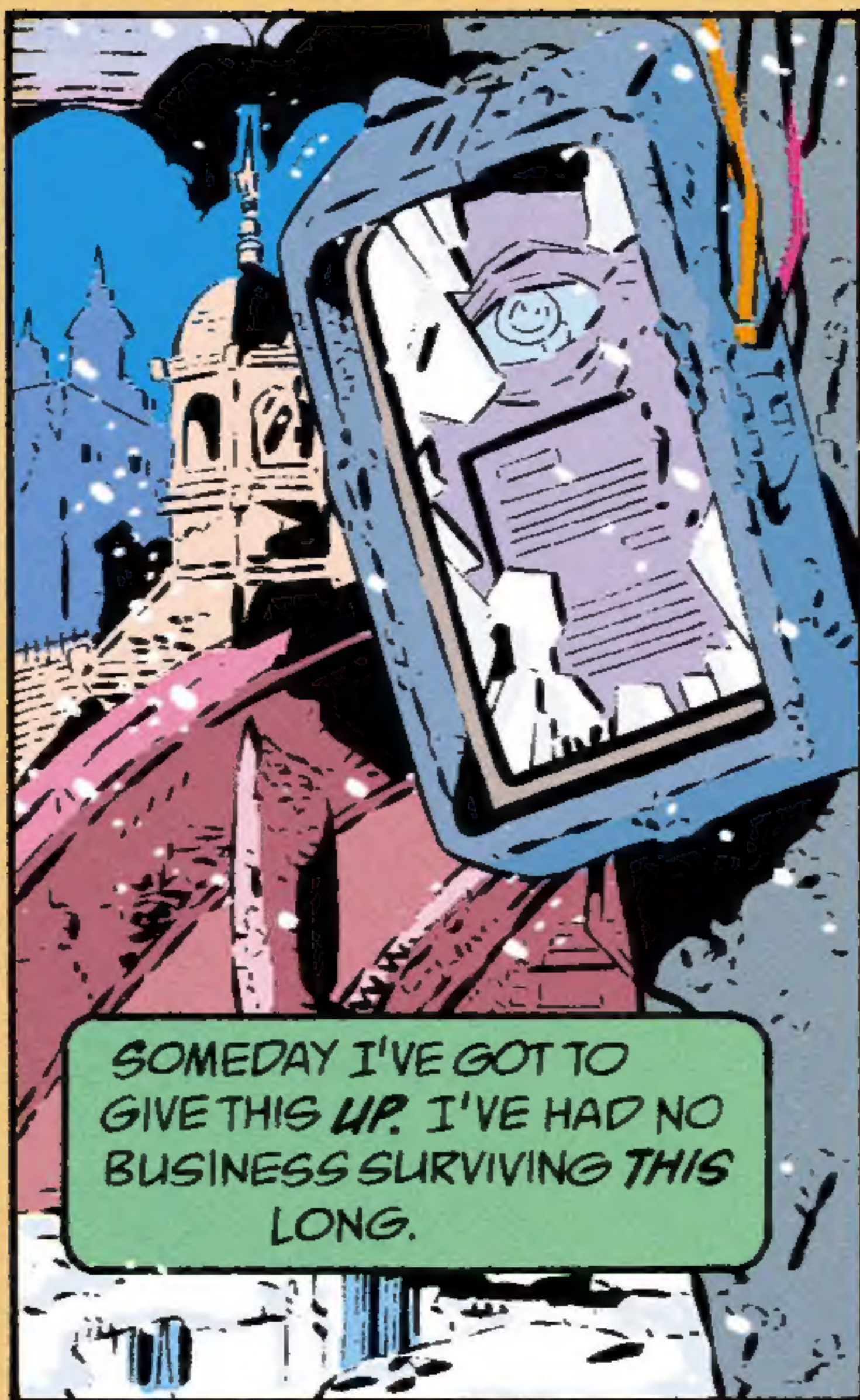
*All restrictions on the working of magic by other than First Citizens will remain strictly enforced. Violators will be put to death.*







SEVENTEEN YEARS. IT'S REALLY BEEN SEVENTEEN YEARS.



SOMEDAY I'VE GOT TO GIVE THIS UP. I'VE HAD NO BUSINESS SURVIVING THIS LONG.



WHO'S TO SAY THE NEXT CONTACT MIGHT NOT BE THE LAST ONE?

ESPECIALLY THE NEXT CONTACT. MY GOD, ONE OF MORDRU'S OWN HARLOTS!



VIDAR BETTER KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING.

OR I'LL END UP LIKE THE REST...

GAVRIL, CELESTE, IVES, JACQUES... DOUGLAS... ALL OF THEM GONE.

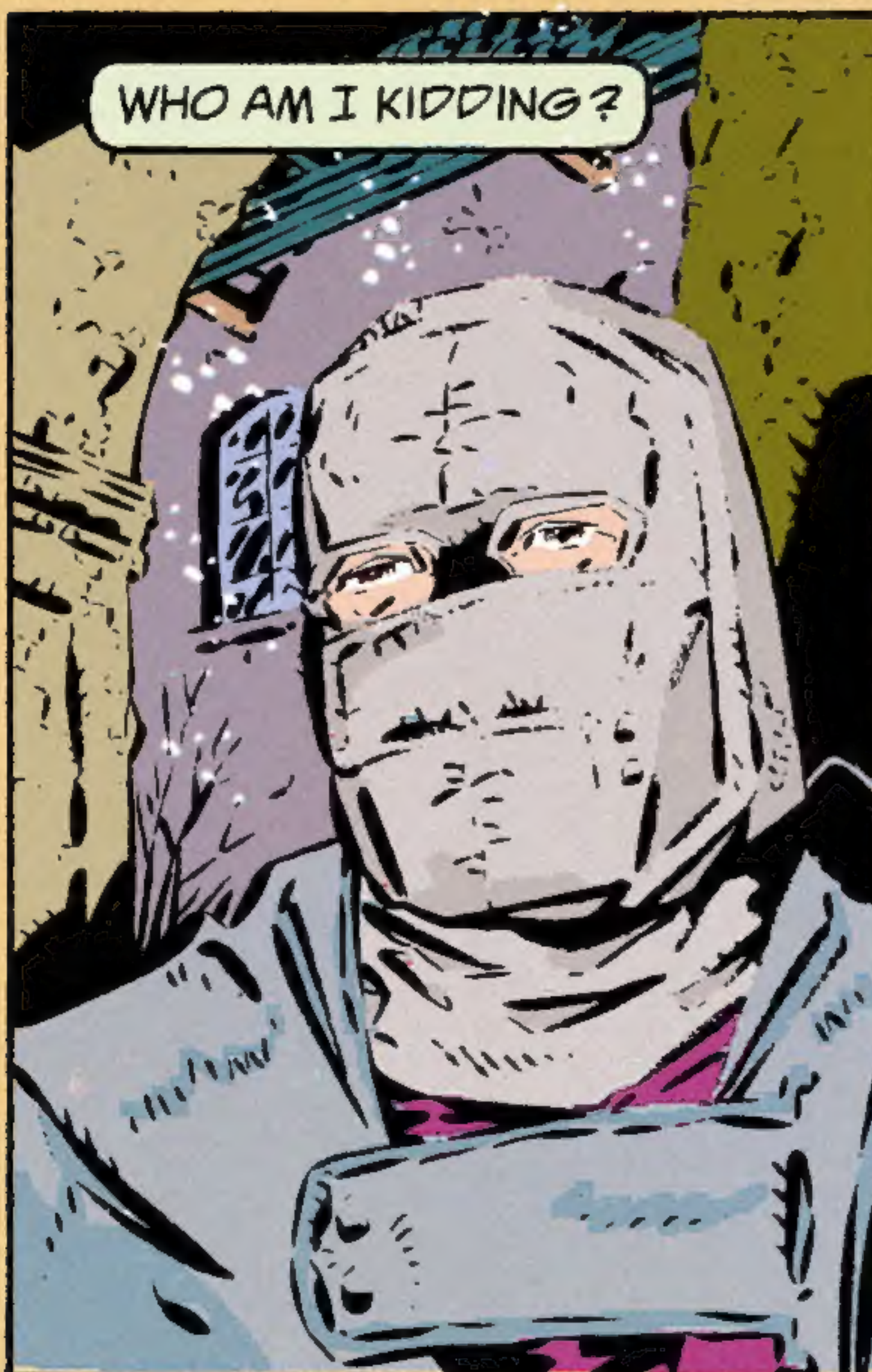


AND NOW THEY'VE GOT FOXMOOR.

AFTER THE FREE DAY, HE'LL BE GONE TOO.



UNLESS THIS TIME, WE CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. MAYBE VIDAR CAN...



WHO AM I KIDDING?

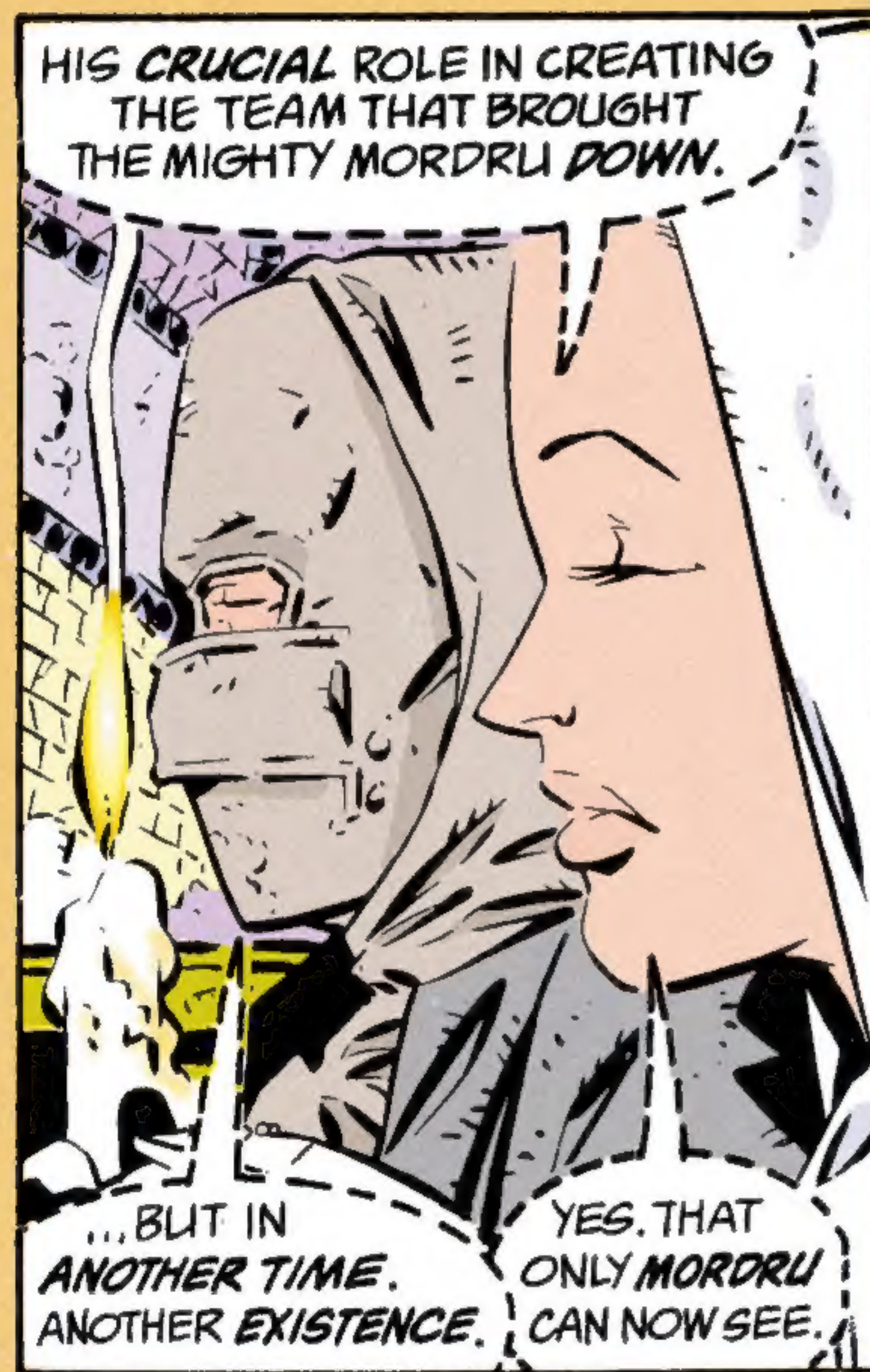
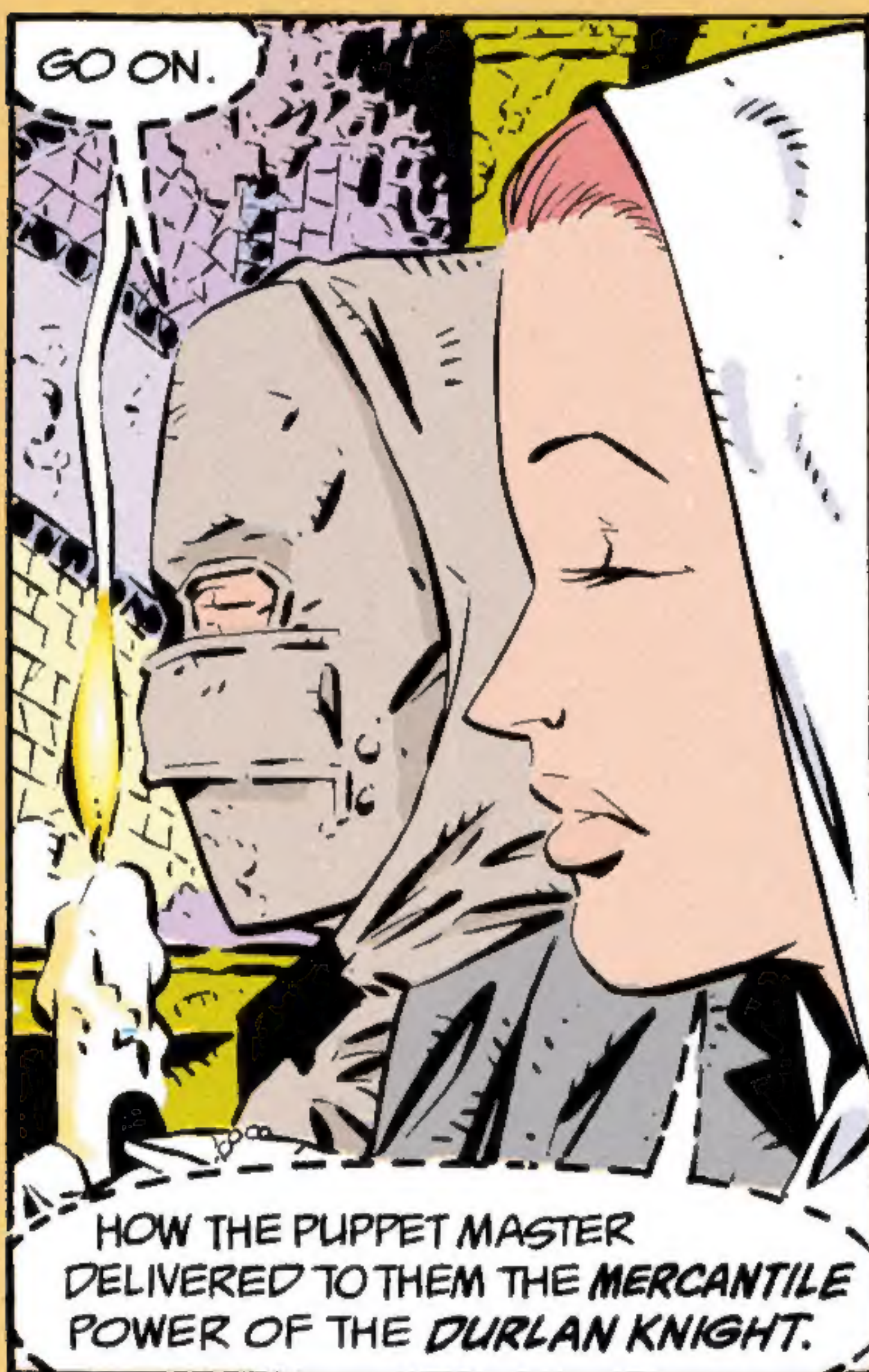
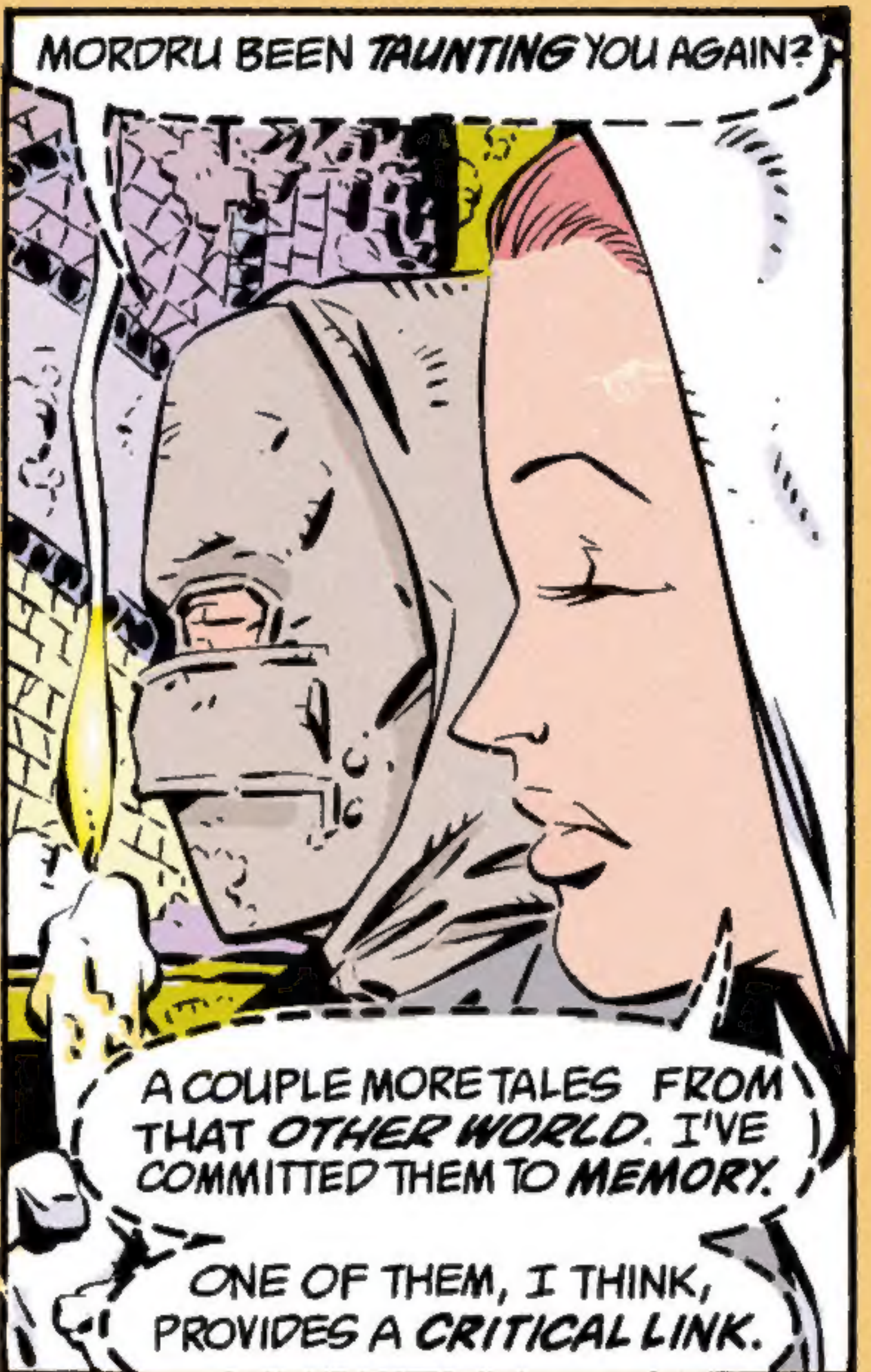
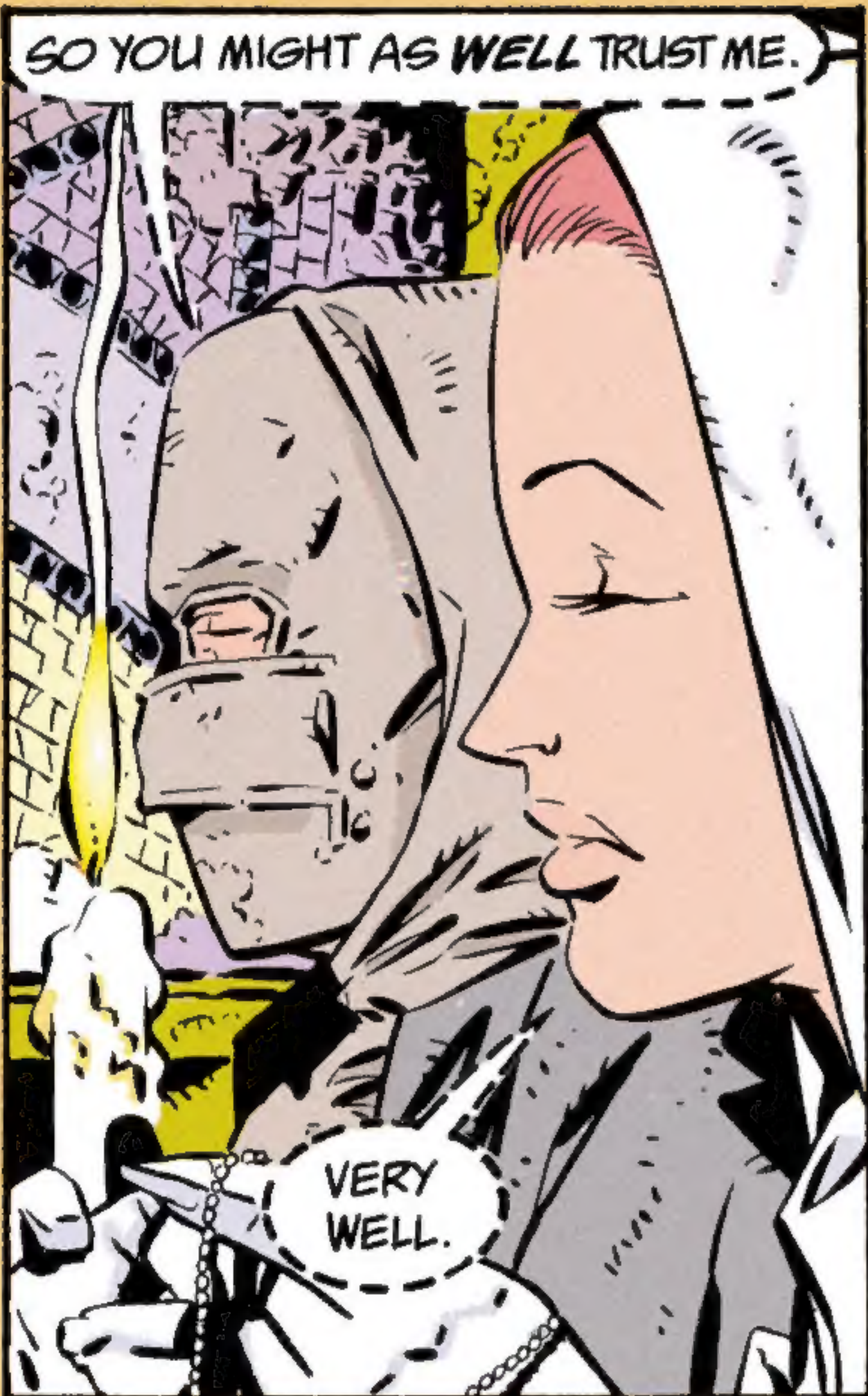
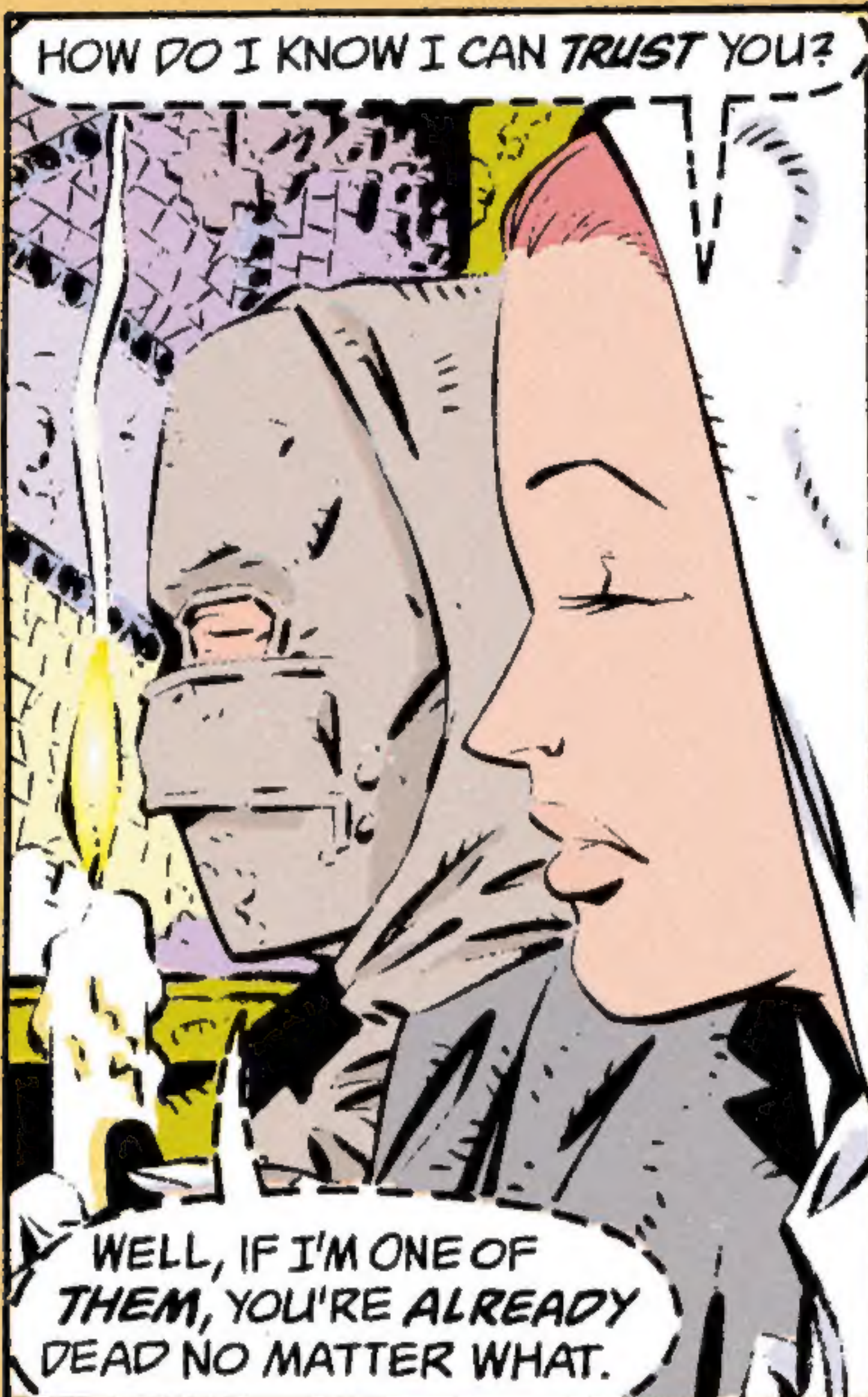
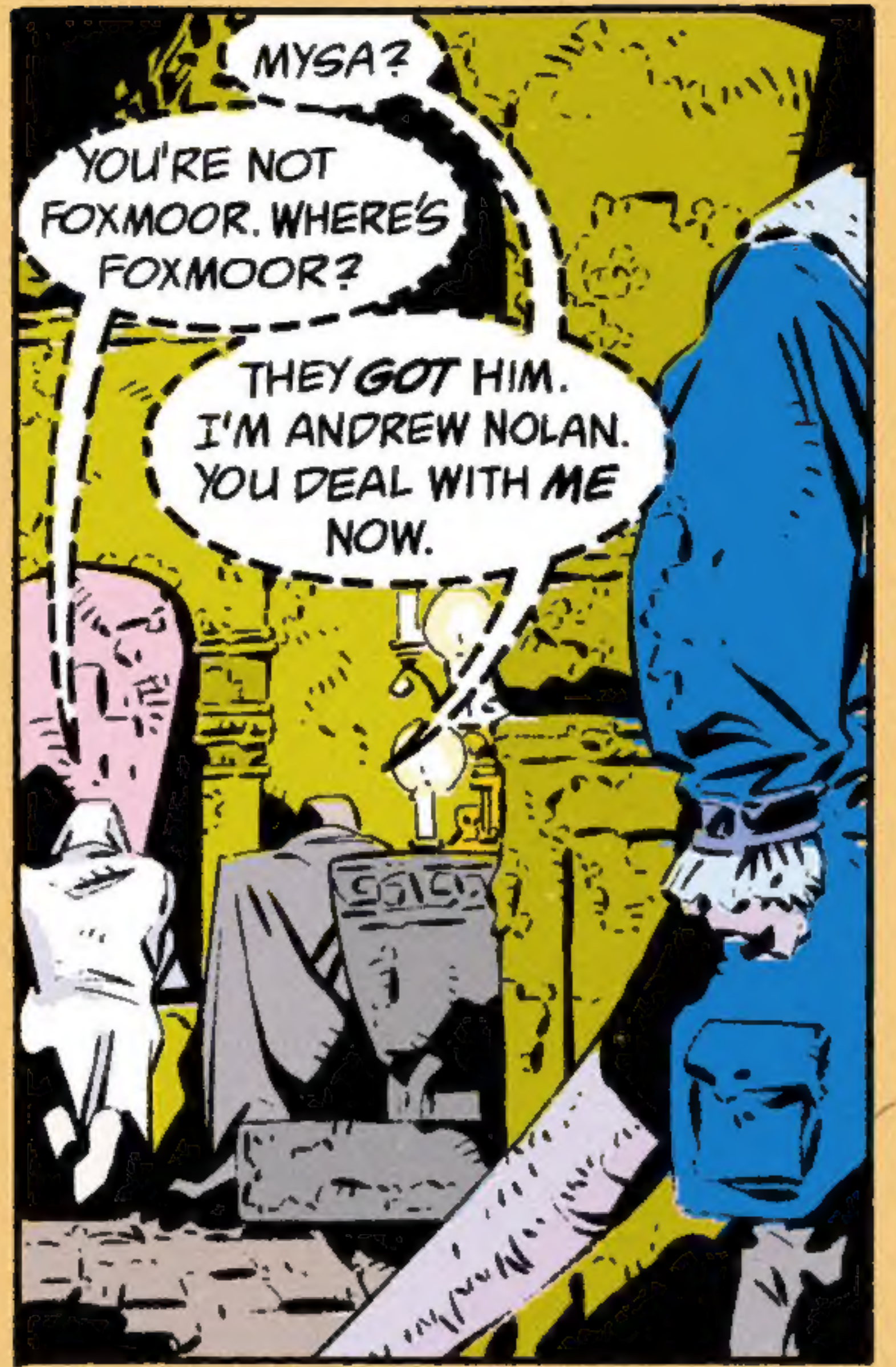


ANYONE WHO FIGHTS MORDRU BECAUSE THEY THINK THEY CAN WIN IS A FOOL.



YOU FIGHT MORDRU BECAUSE YOU HAVE TO.





...AND OF THE HOLY GHOST, AMEN...

MYSA?  
YOU'RE NOT FOXMOOR. WHERE'S FOXMOOR?

THEY GOT HIM.  
I'M ANDREW NOLAN.  
YOU DEAL WITH ME NOW.

HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU?

SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRUST ME.

MORDRU BEEN TAUNTING YOU AGAIN?

WELL, IF I'M ONE OF THEM, YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD NO MATTER WHAT.

VERY WELL.

A COUPLE MORE TALES FROM THAT OTHER WORLD. I'VE COMMITTED THEM TO MEMORY.

ONE OF THEM, I THINK, PROVIDES A CRITICAL LINK.

GO ON.

HIS CRUCIAL ROLE IN CREATING THE TEAM THAT BROUGHT THE MIGHTY MORDRU DOWN.

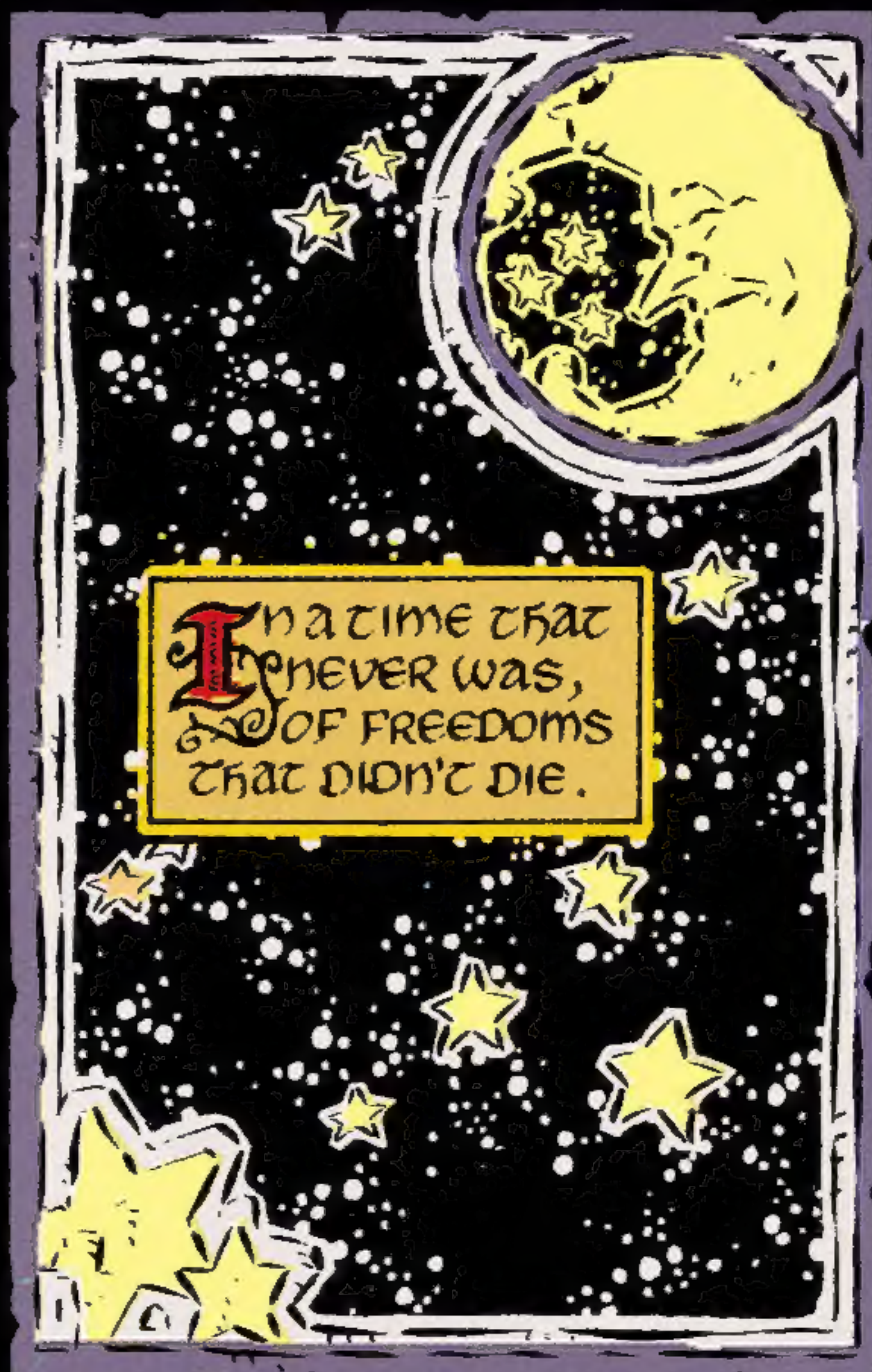
I THINK YOU'D BETTER START FROM THE BEGINNING. TELL ME IN HIS WORDS...

HOW THE PUPPET MASTER DELIVERED TO THEM THE MERCANTILE POWER OF THE DURLAN KNIGHT.

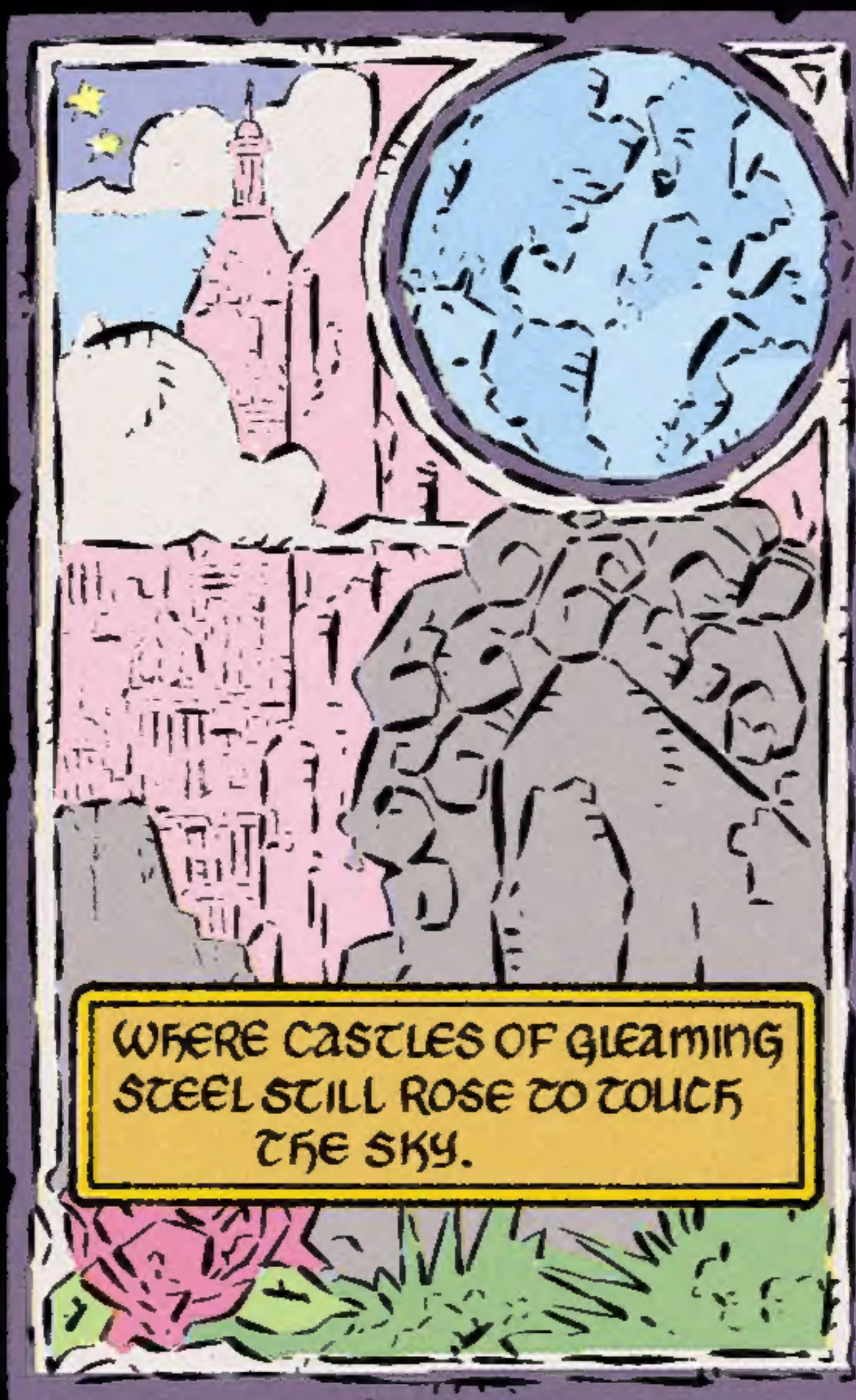
...BUT IN ANOTHER TIME. ANOTHER EXISTENCE.

YES. THAT ONLY MORDRU CAN NOW SEE.

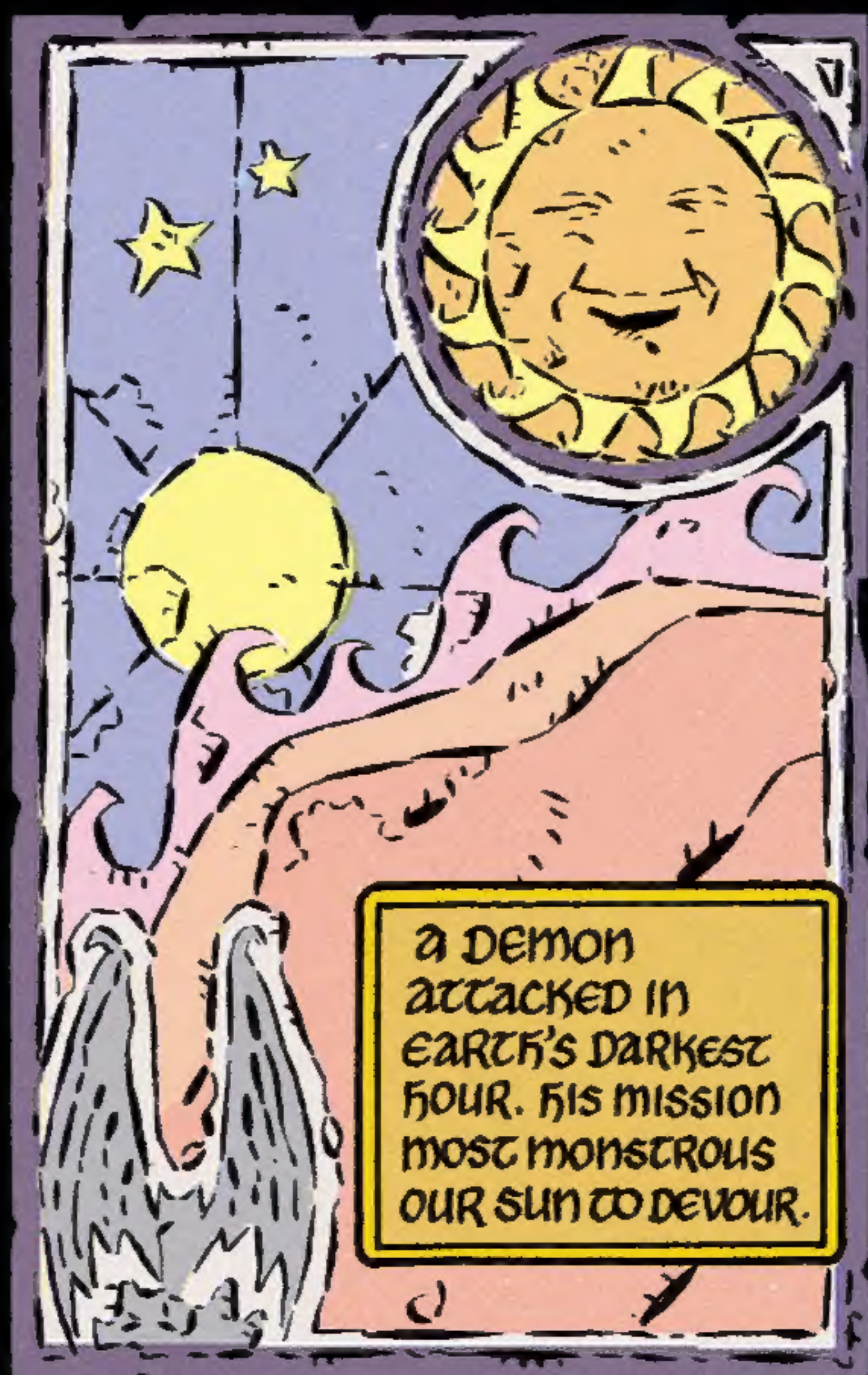




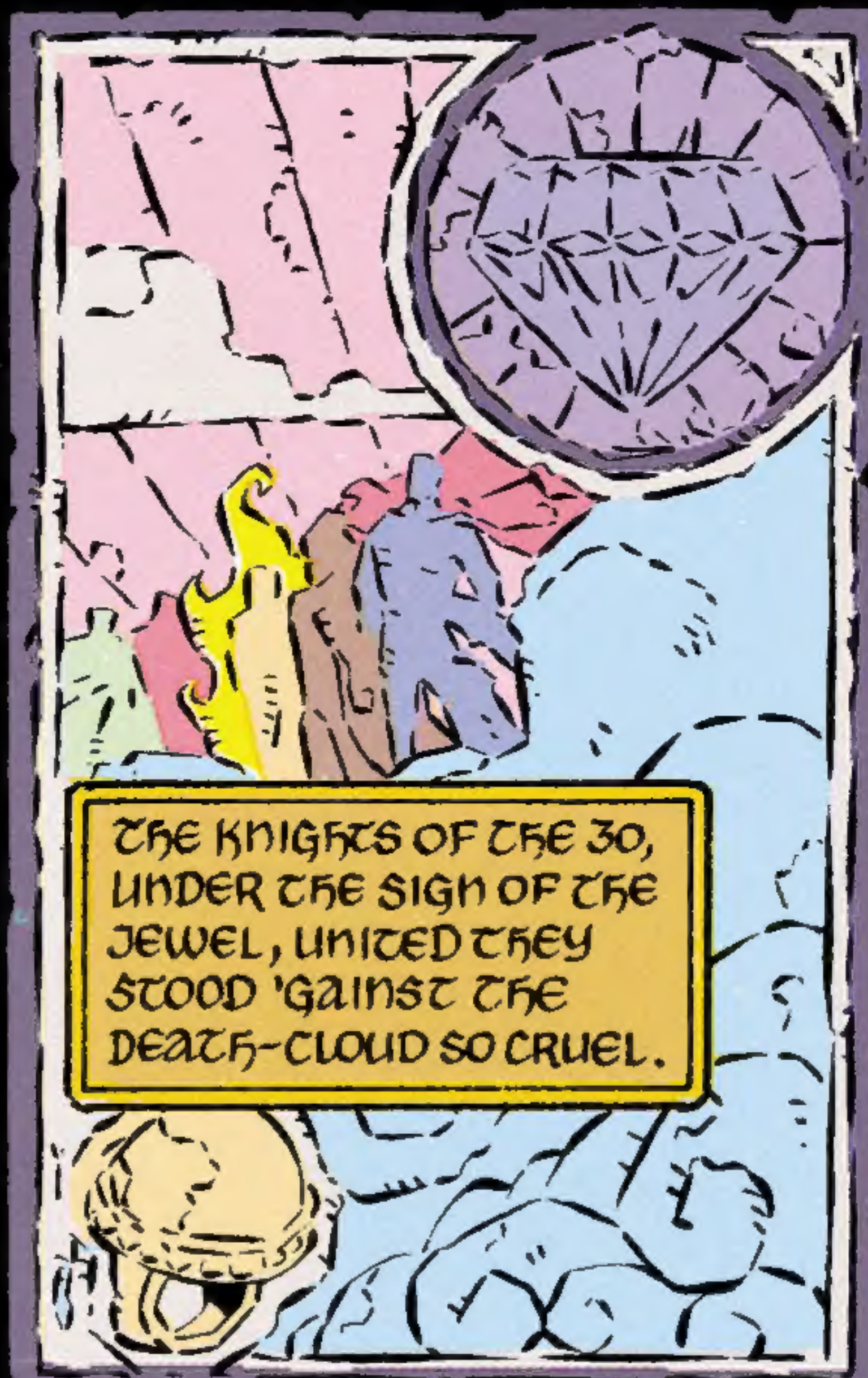
**I**n a time that  
never was,  
of freedoms  
that didn't die.



Where castles of gleaming  
steel still rose to touch  
the sky.



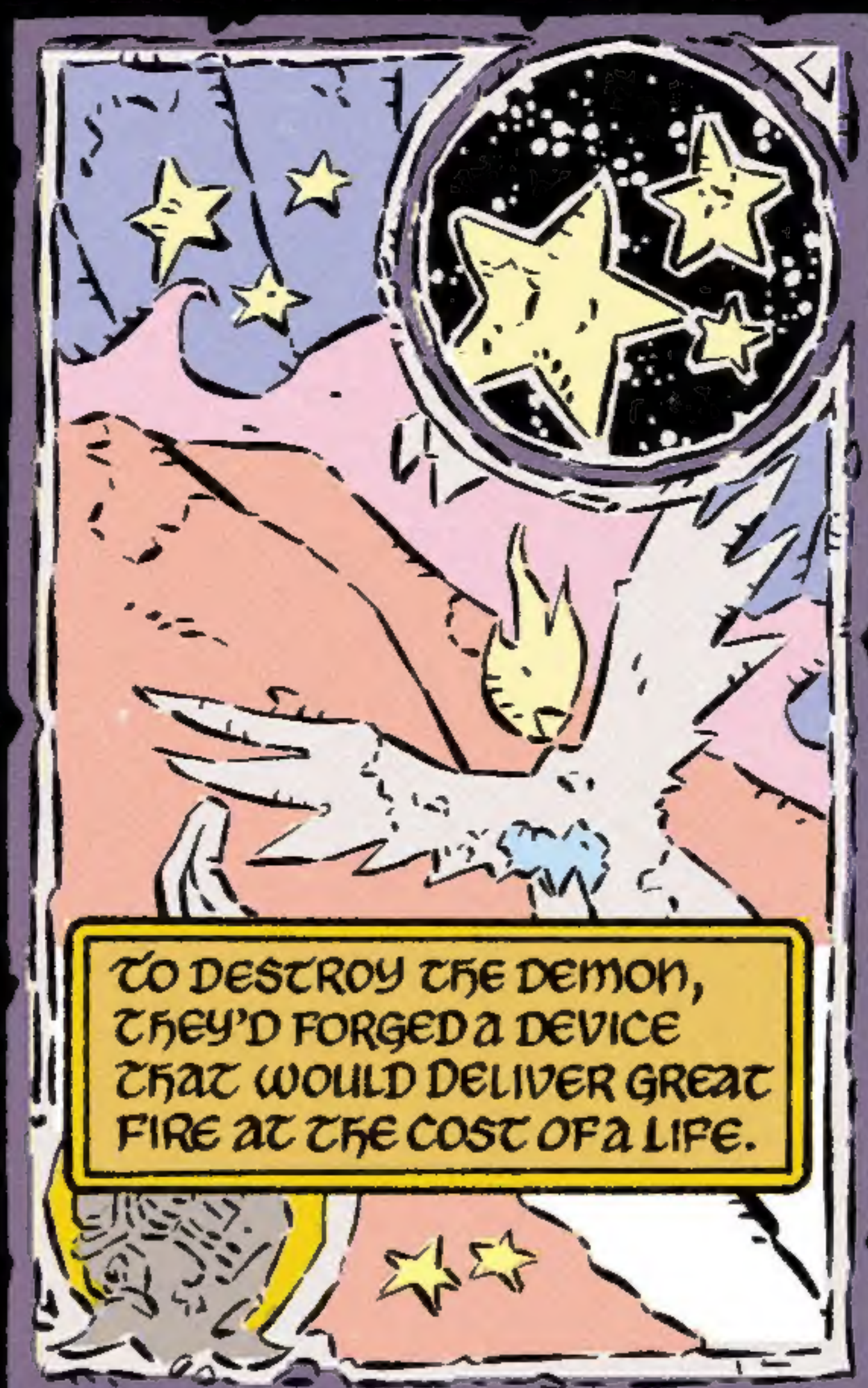
A demon  
attacked in  
Earth's darkest  
hour. His mission  
most monstrous:  
our sun to devour.



The knights of the 30,  
under the sign of the  
jewel, united they  
stood 'gainst the  
death-cloud so cruel.



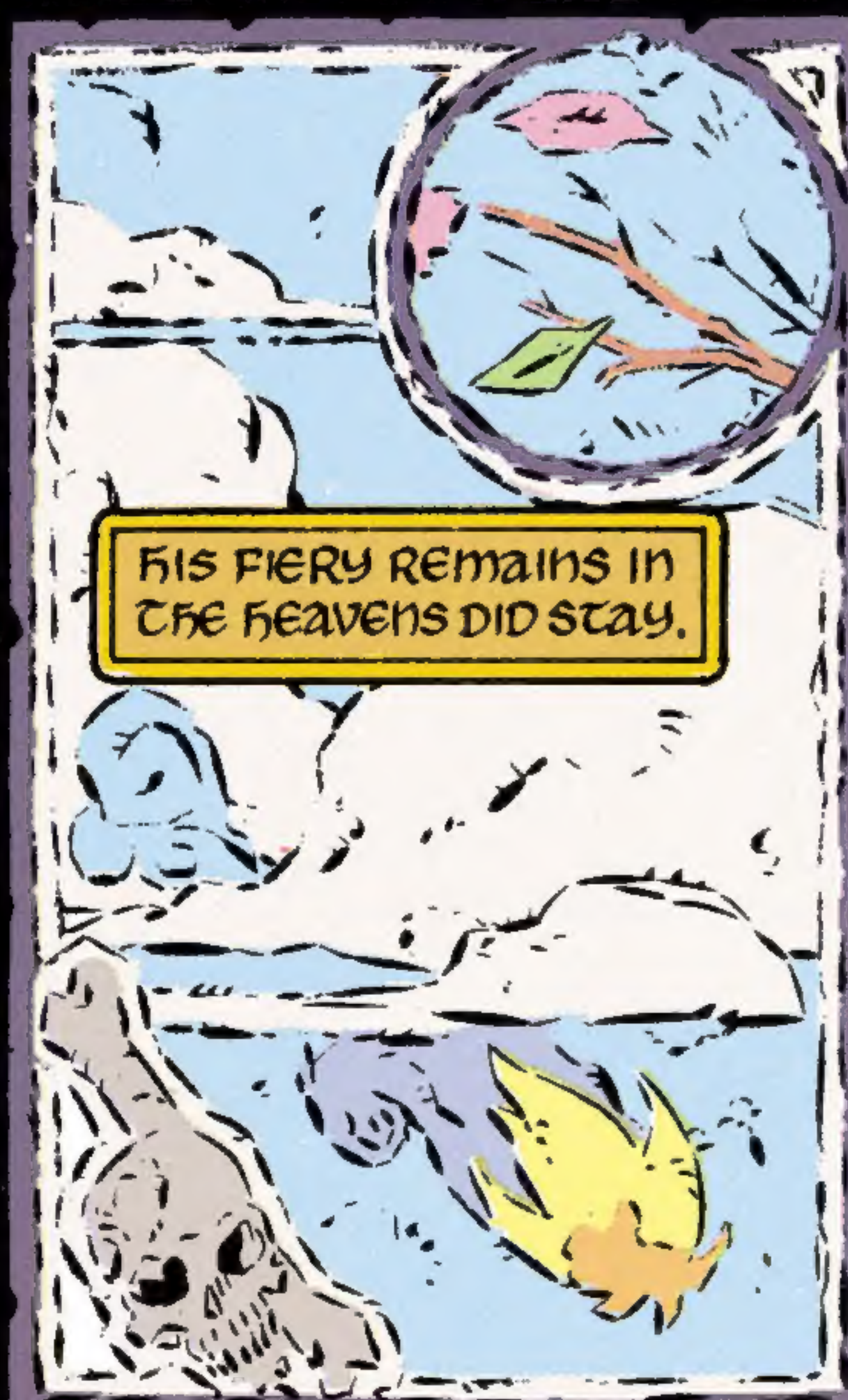
One knight, whose face  
was kept hidden from all,  
with courage of iron did  
enter death's maw.



To destroy the demon,  
they'd forged a device  
that would deliver great  
fire at the cost of a life.



The sacrifice was  
his, the knight with  
no face. The fire's  
awful glow filled  
the great silent  
place.

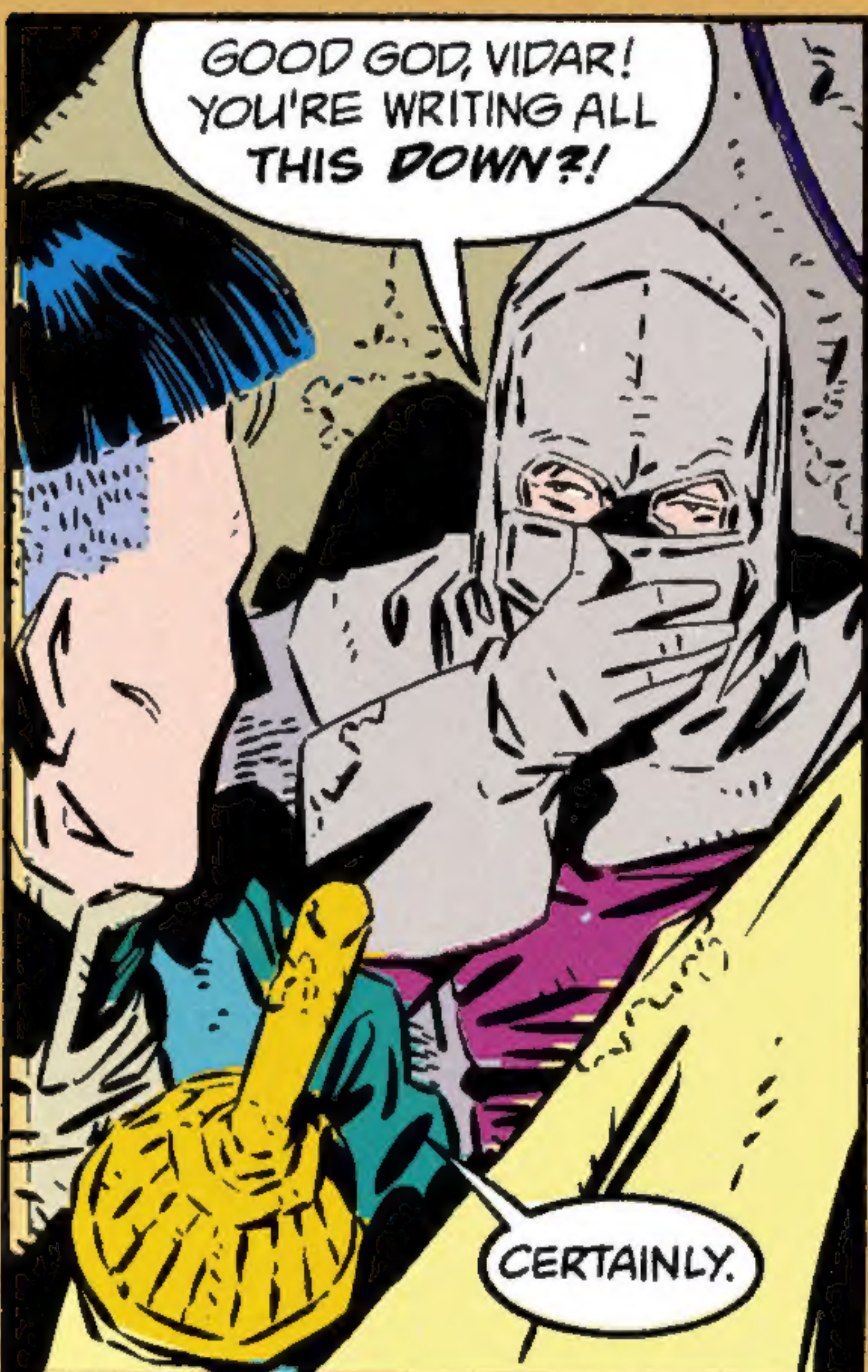
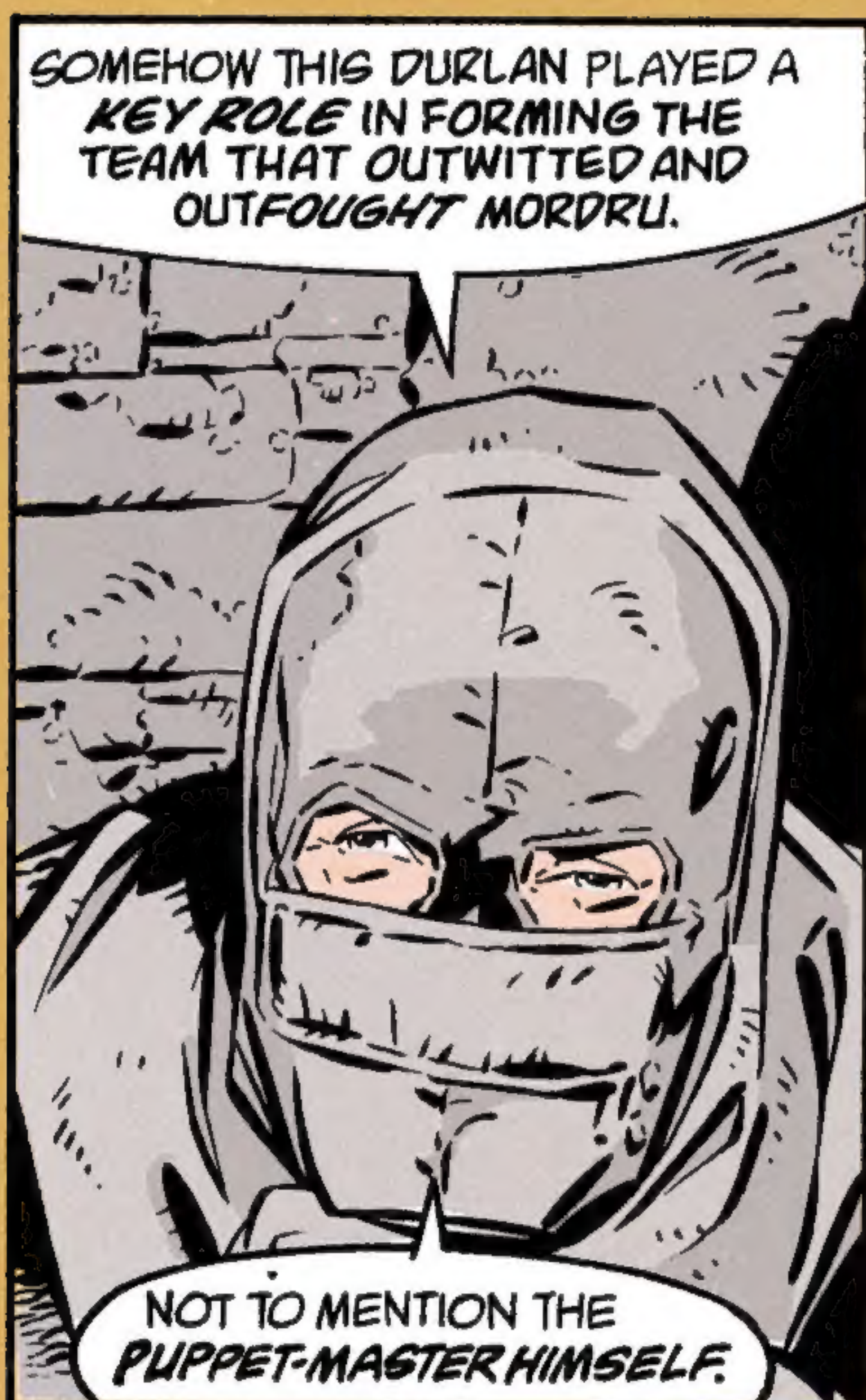
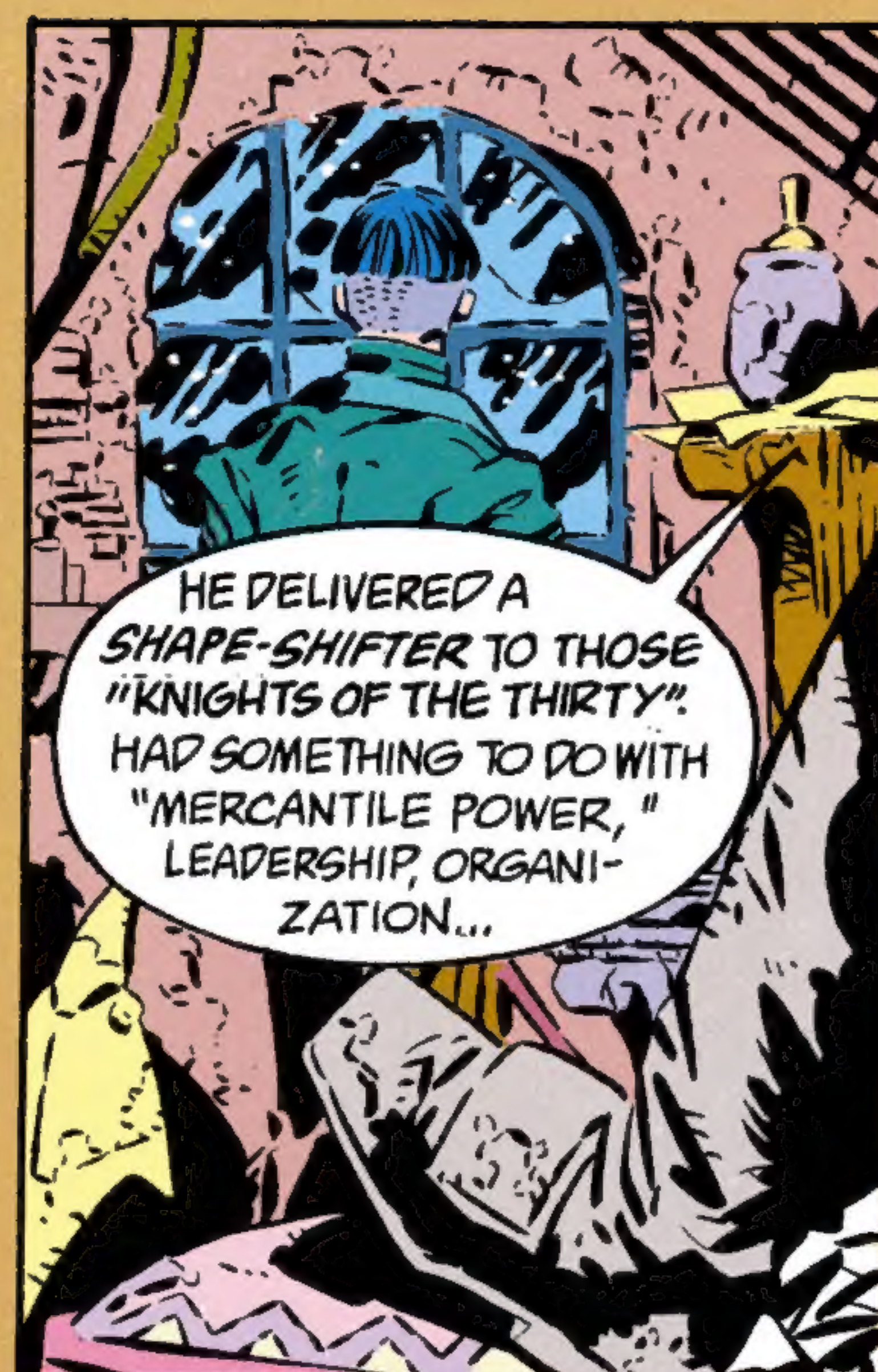
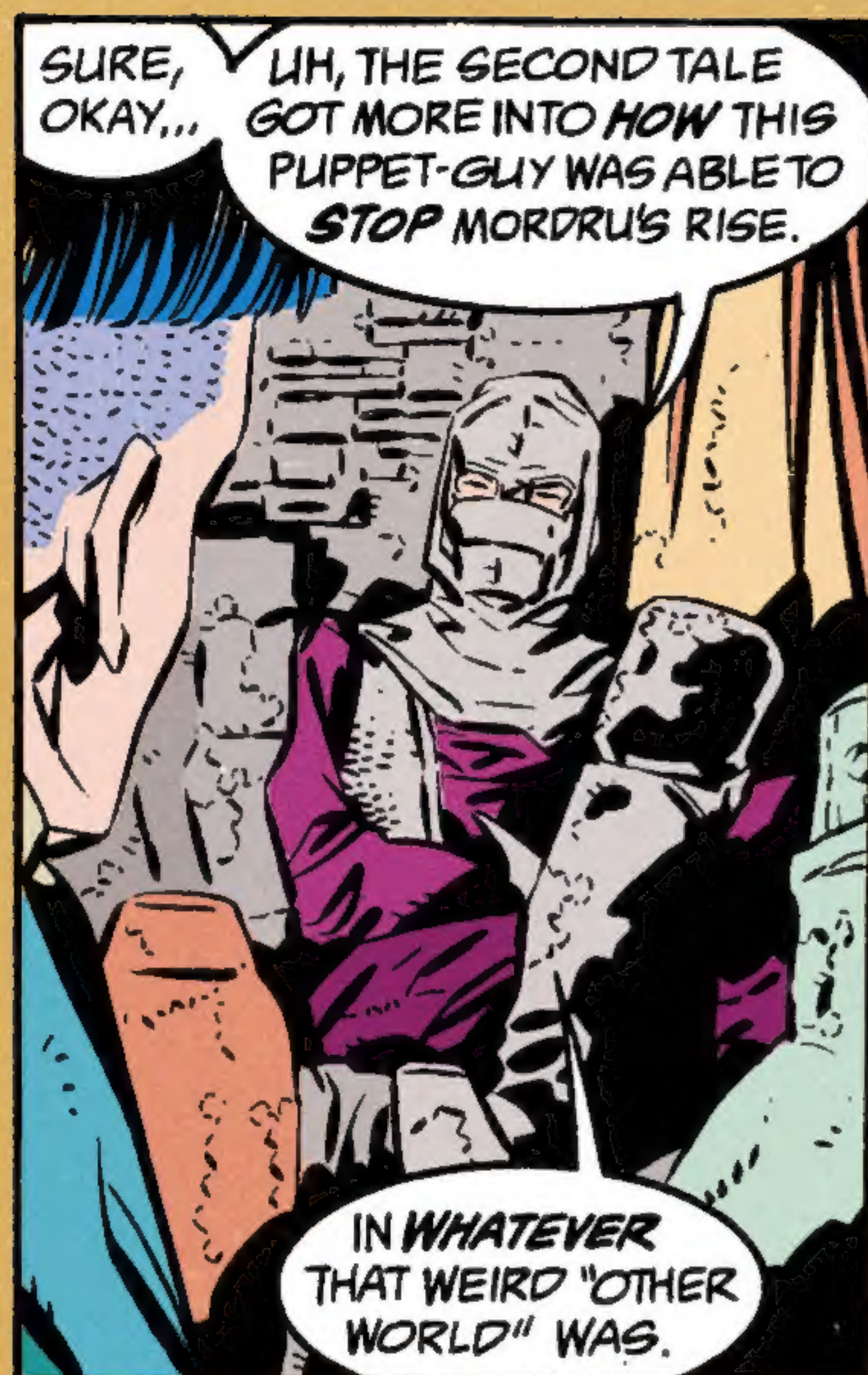


His fiery remains in  
the heavens did stay.

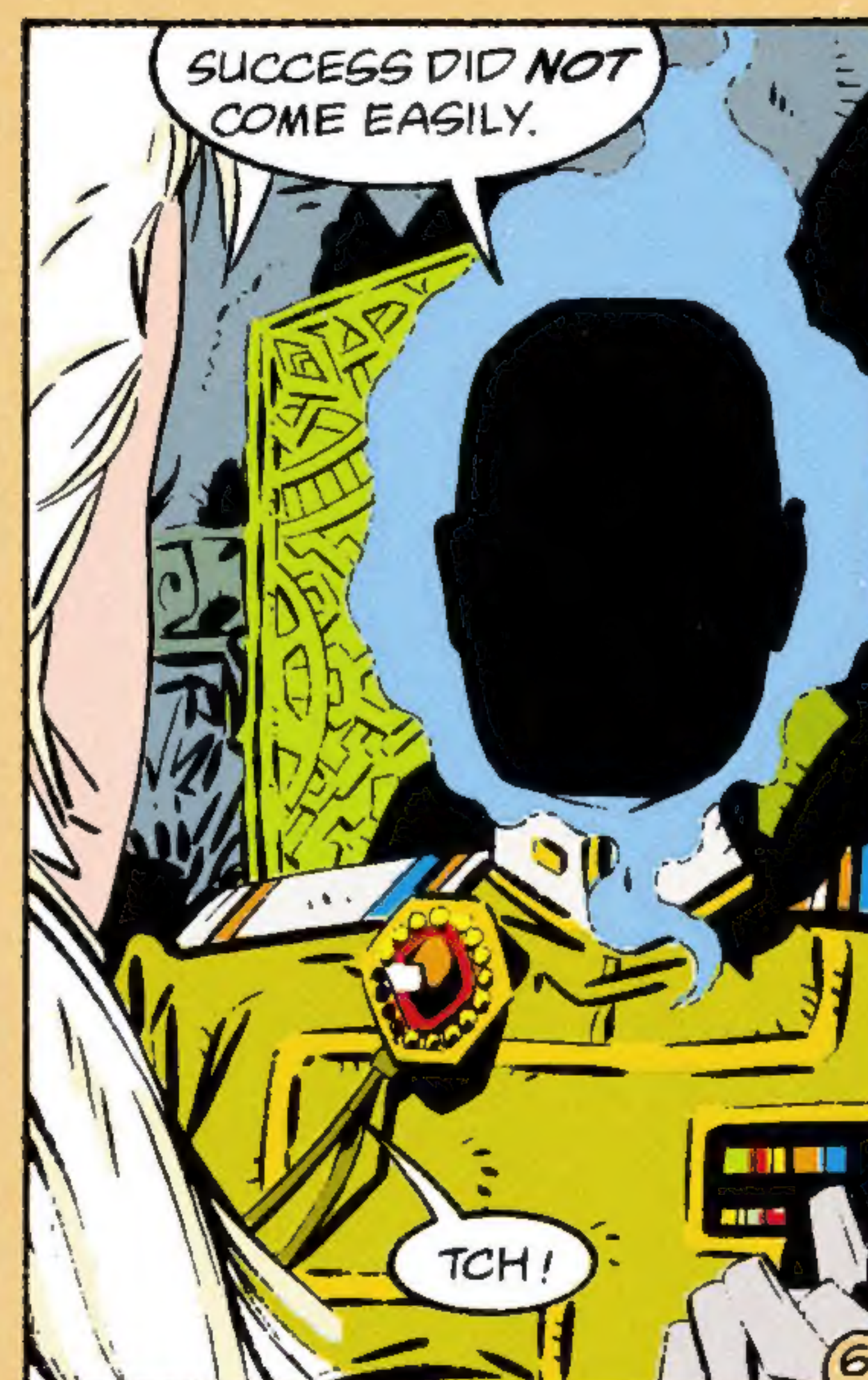
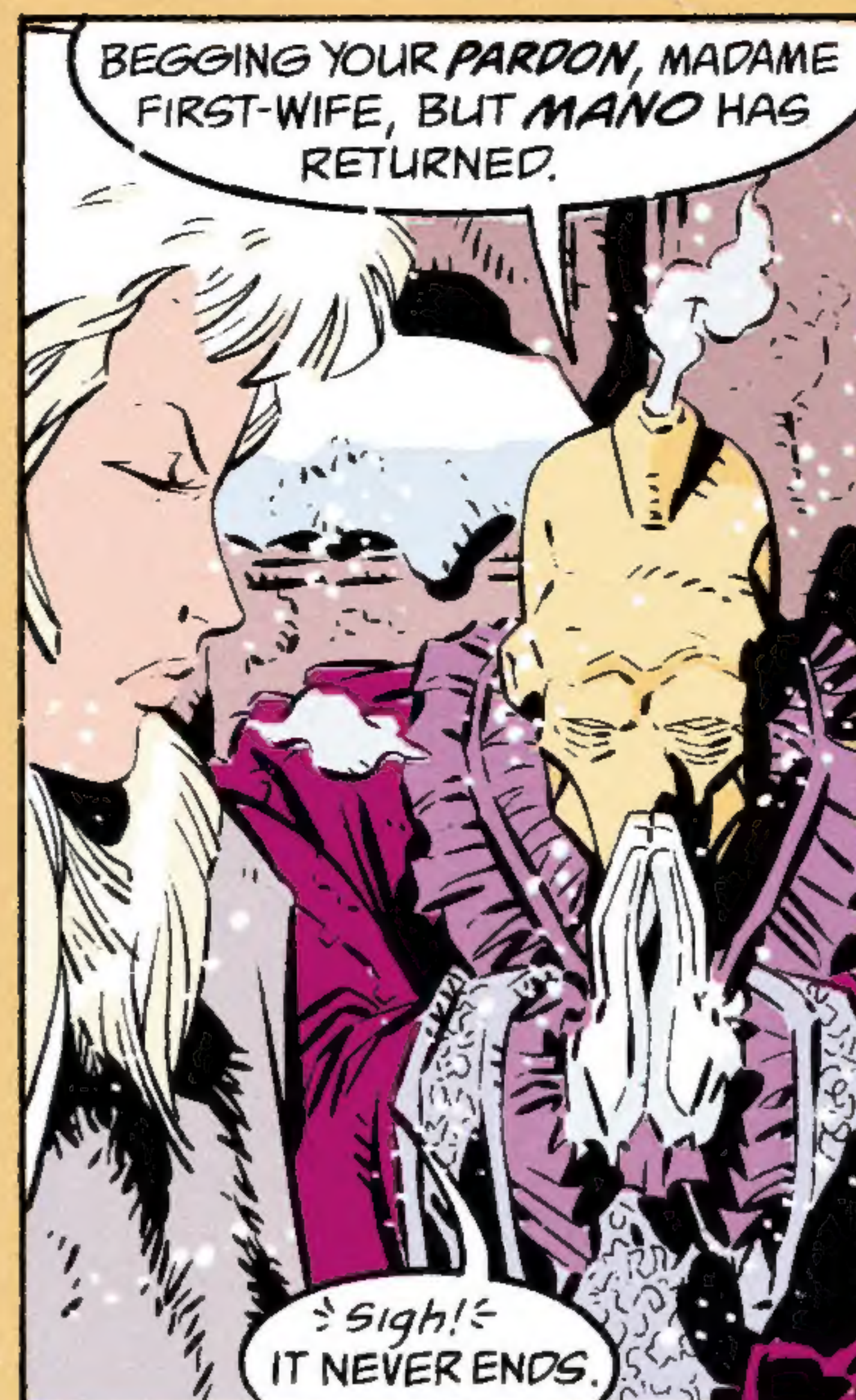
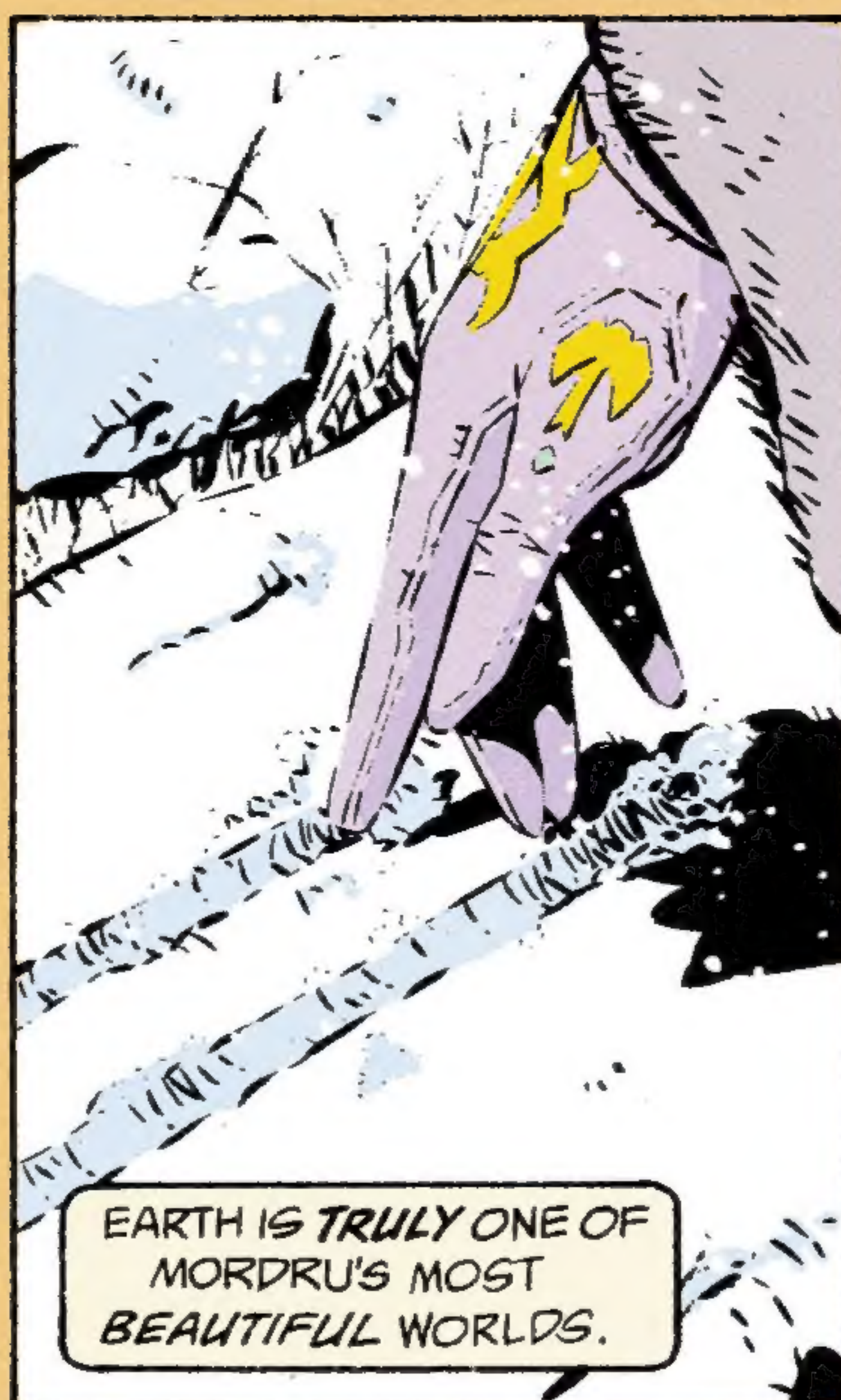
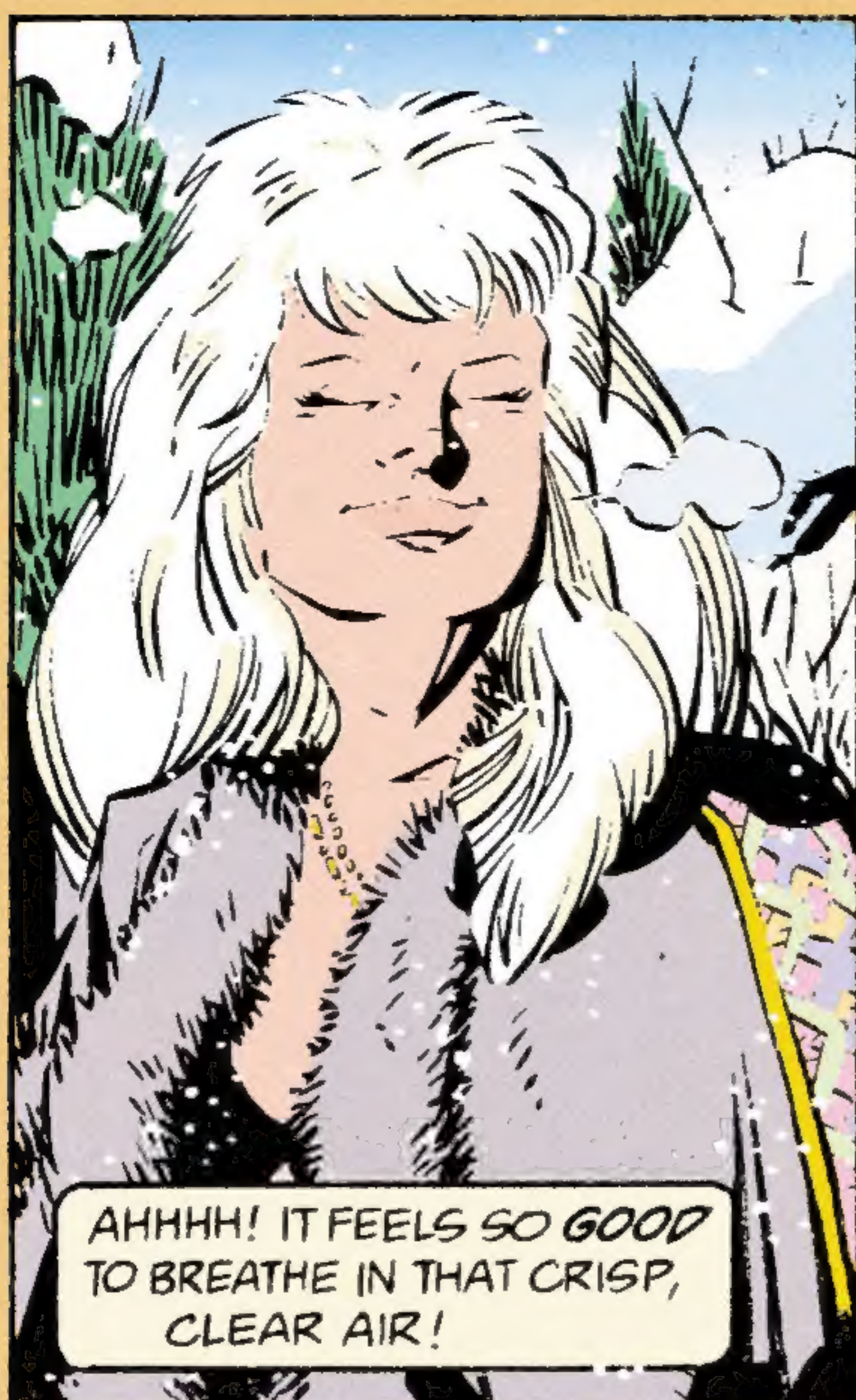
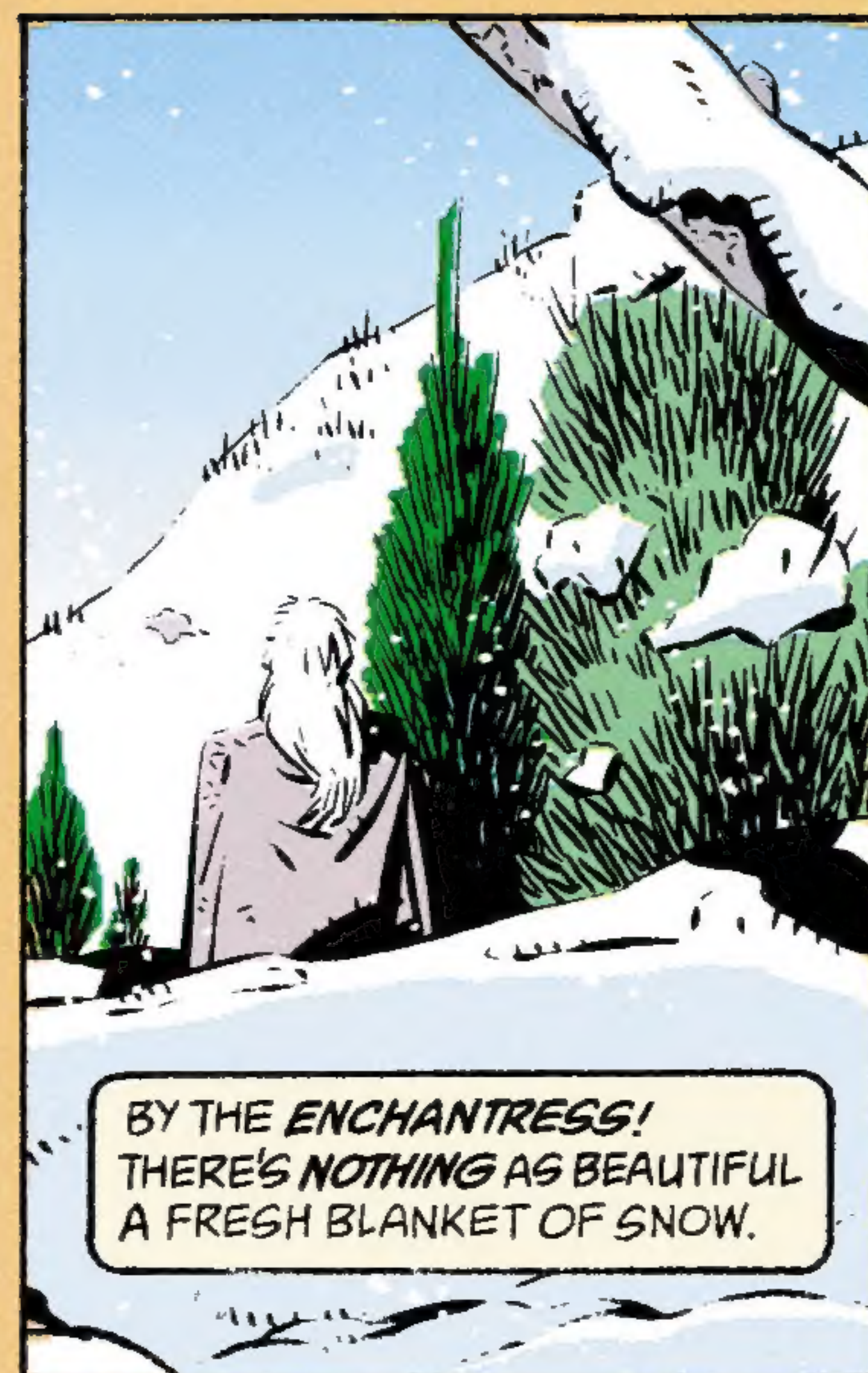


Above the sweet  
world who survived  
that dark day.

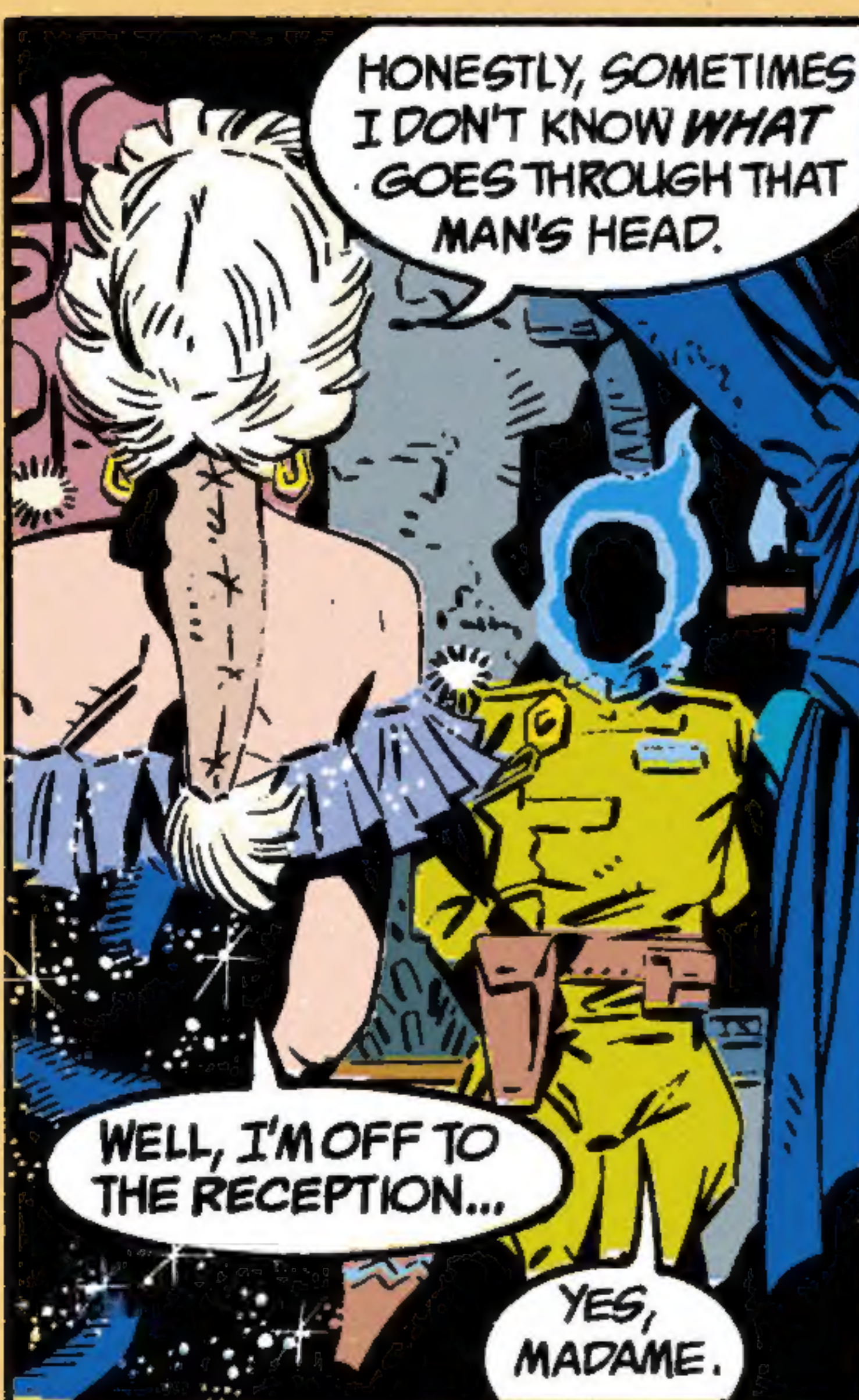
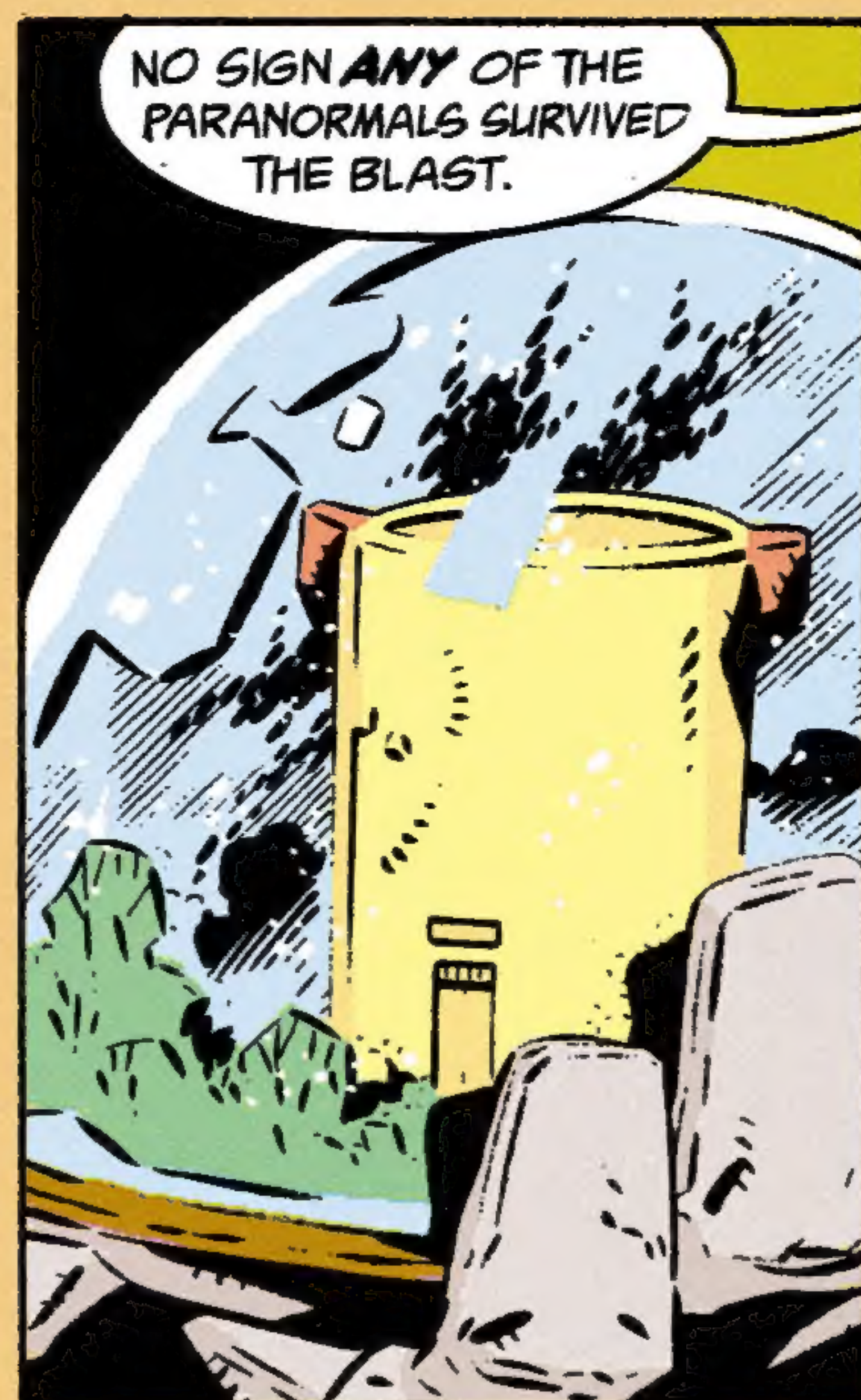
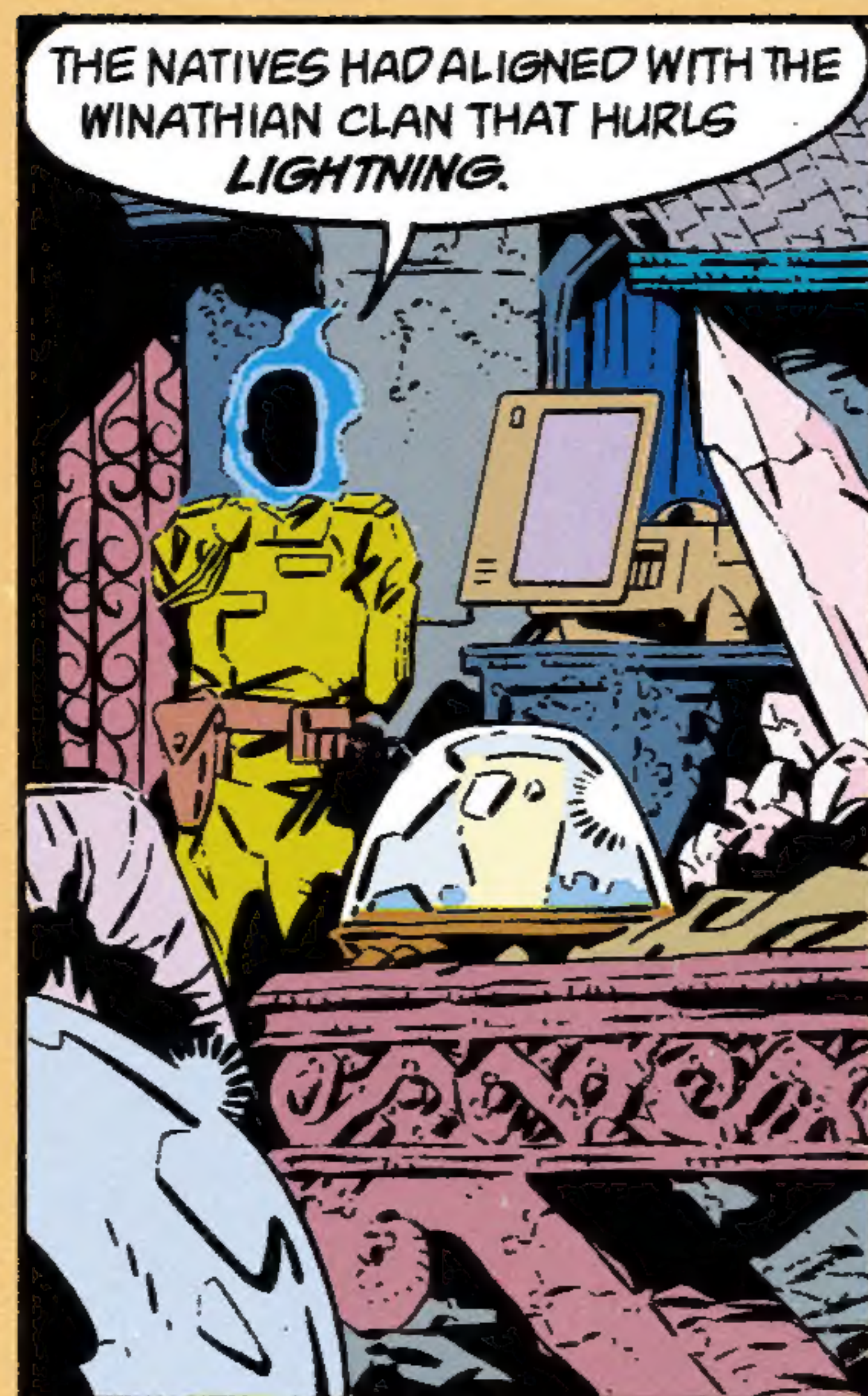
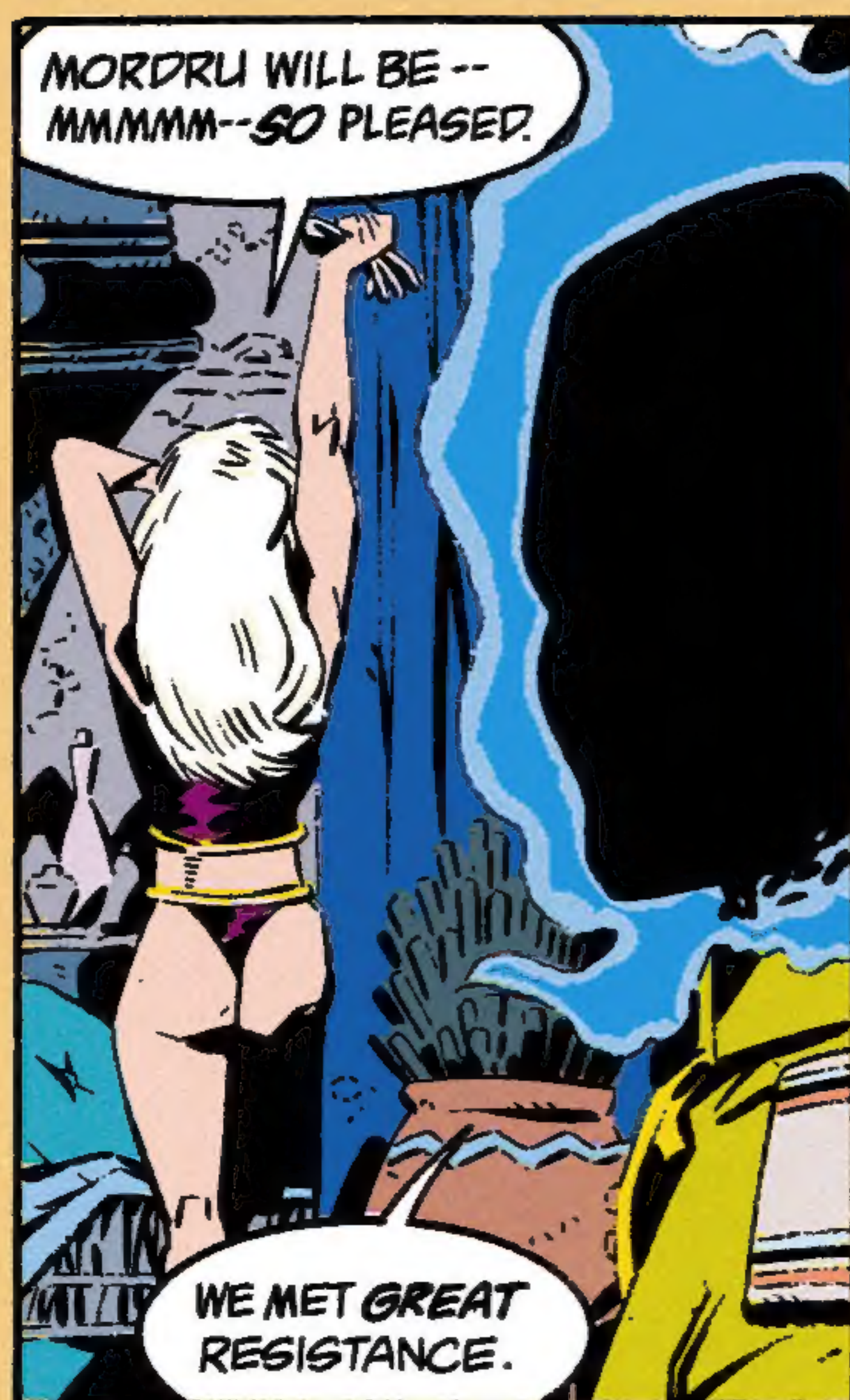
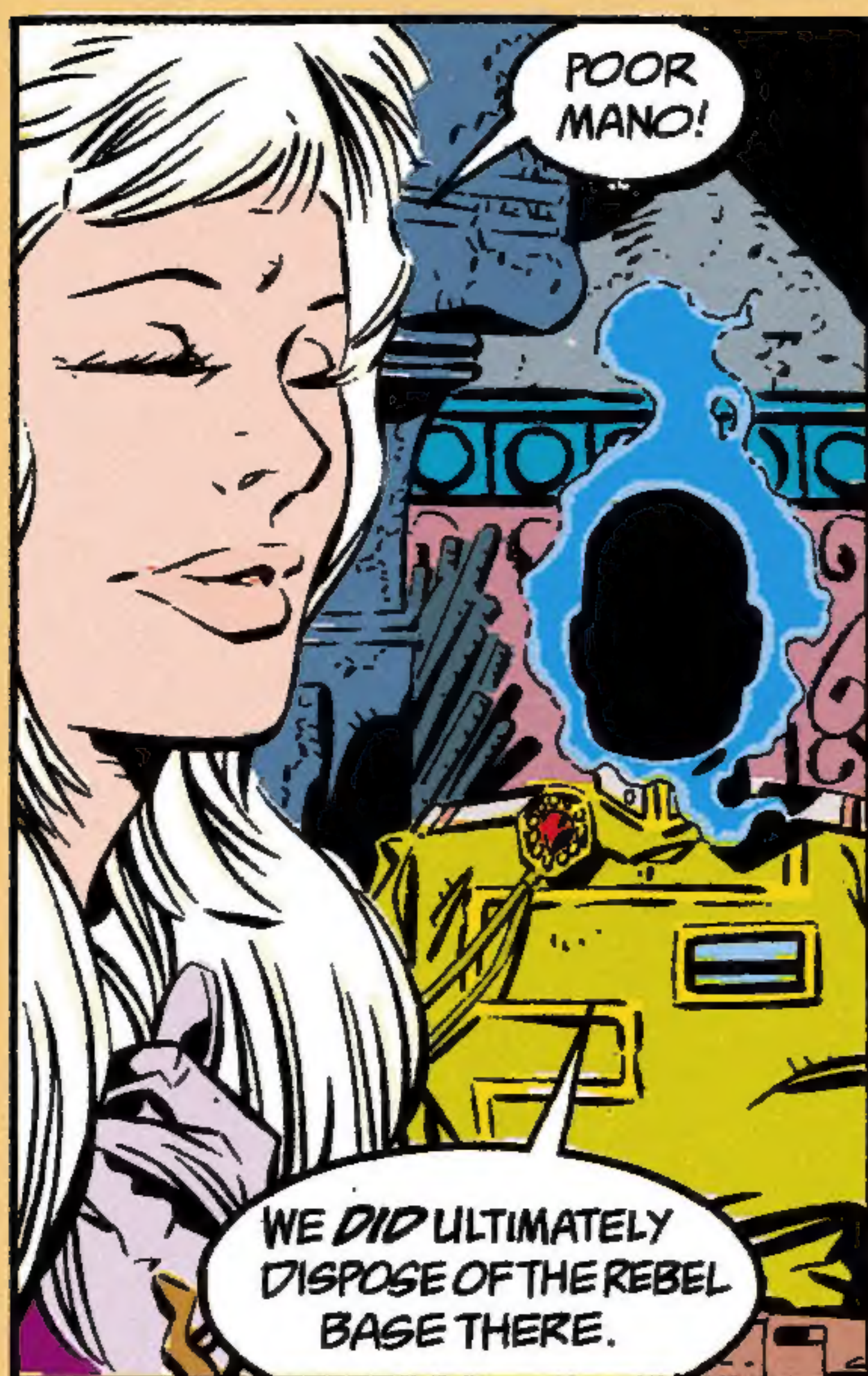
















I MUST BE A *LUNATIC*.  
I'VE *GOT* TO BE *CRAZY*.

BUT SO *HELP* ME, I  
DO BELIEVE IT.



ONE *TIME LINE*.  
HISTORY THE WAY  
WE *KNOW* IT.  
MORDRU RULES  
ALL.



THEN A *SECOND* *TIME*  
LINE. HISTORY *RE-SHAPED*  
BY THE *PUPPET MASTER*.



AN *IMPROBABLE BALANCE*  
IS *STRUCK*...

NEITHER MORDRU *NOR* THE  
PUPPET MASTER EVER *ACHIEVES*  
TOTAL POWER...

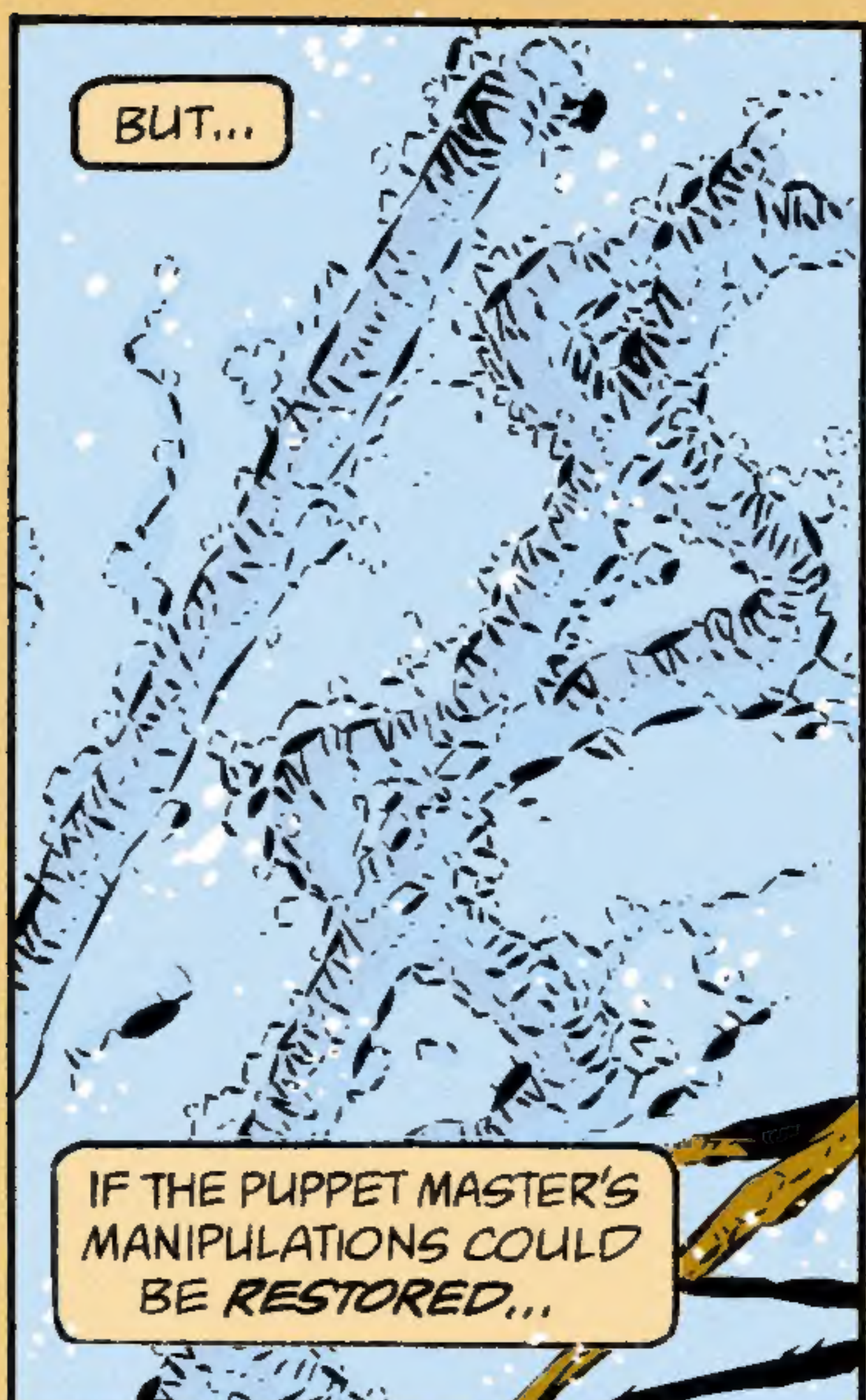


THEN *SOMETHING* HAPPENS.  
THE PUPPET MASTER AND HIS  
HANDIWORK ARE *DESTROYED*.



MORDRU *ONCE AGAIN*  
REIGNS *SUPREME*.

AND MAYBE NOW HE'S THE *ONLY*  
ONE *POWERFUL* ENOUGH TO  
*REMEMBER* THE OTHER *TIME*  
LINE. TO *KNOW* IT *EXISTED*.



BUT...

IF THE PUPPET MASTER'S  
MANIPULATIONS COULD  
BE *RESTORED*...



*LISTEN* TO ME!

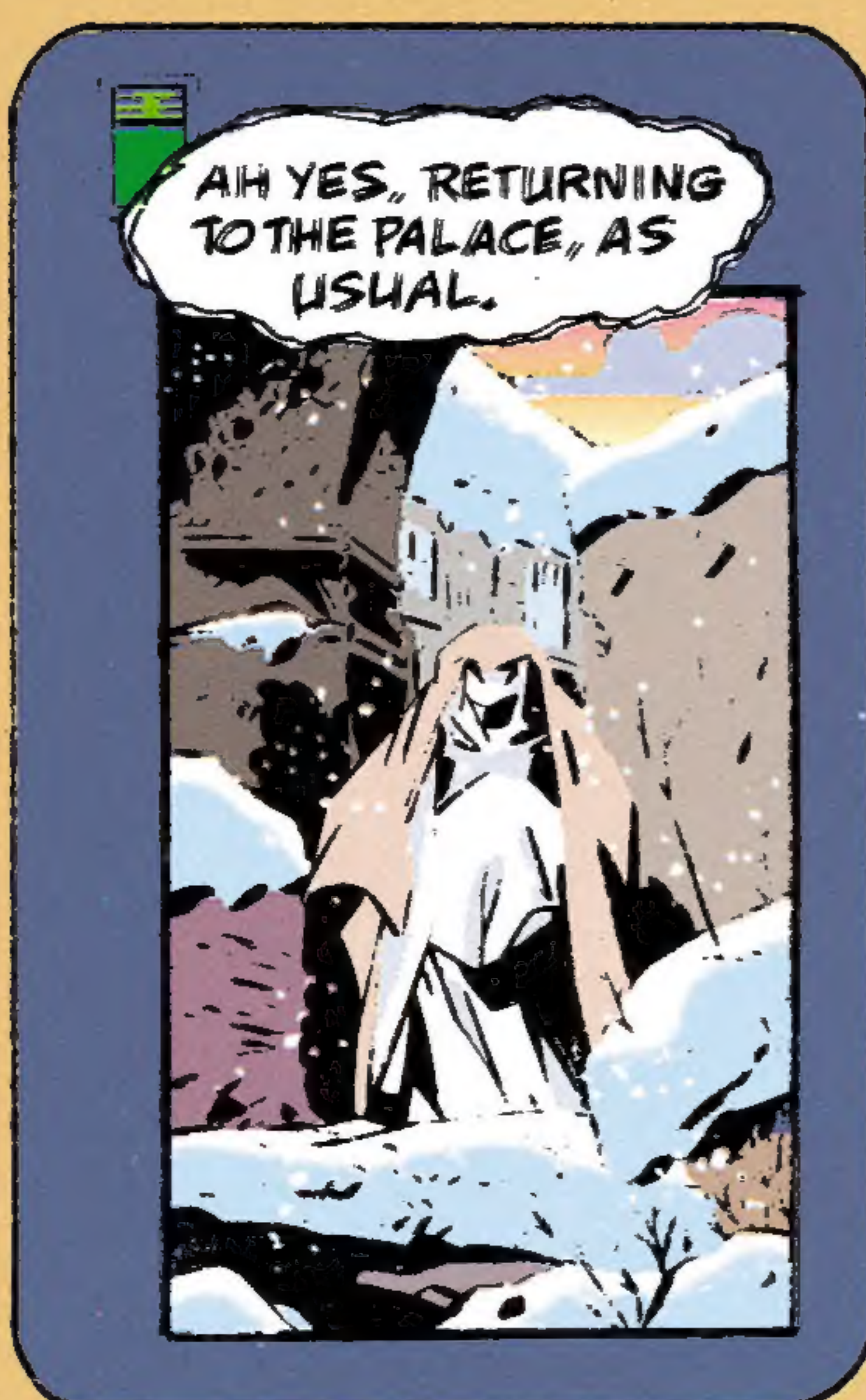
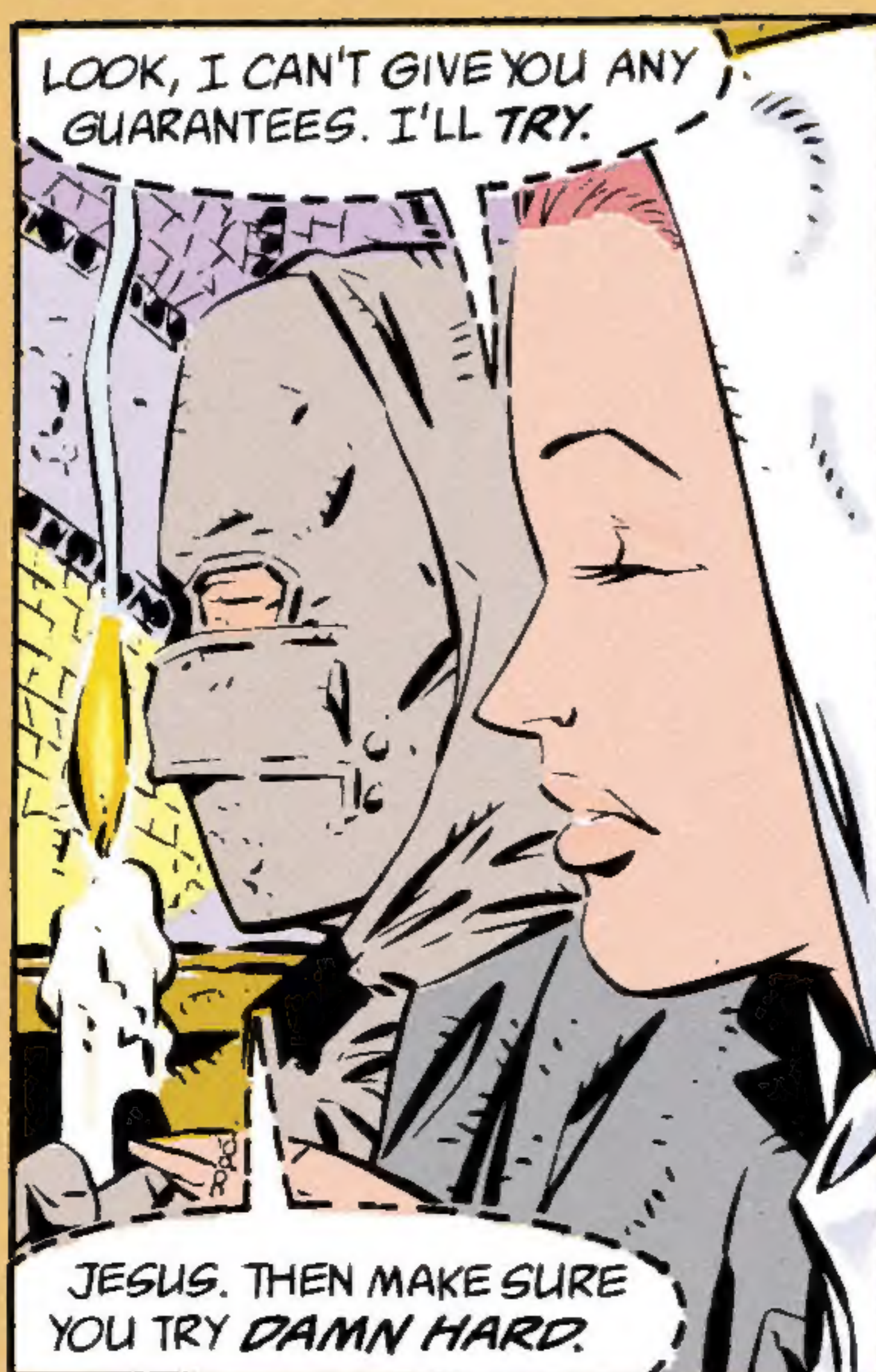
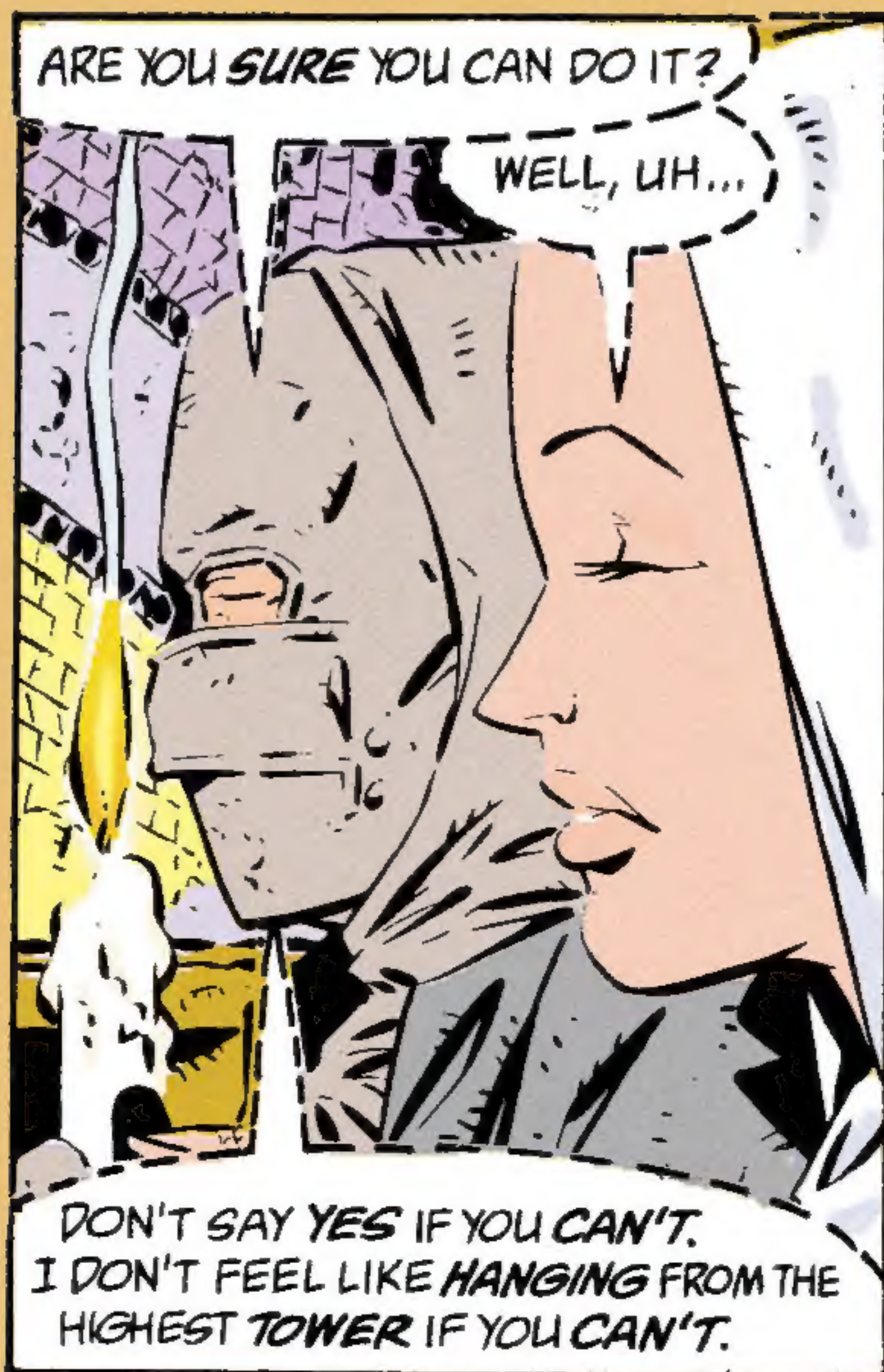
HOW CAN I  
BELIEVE IN  
THIS *FANTASY*?!?



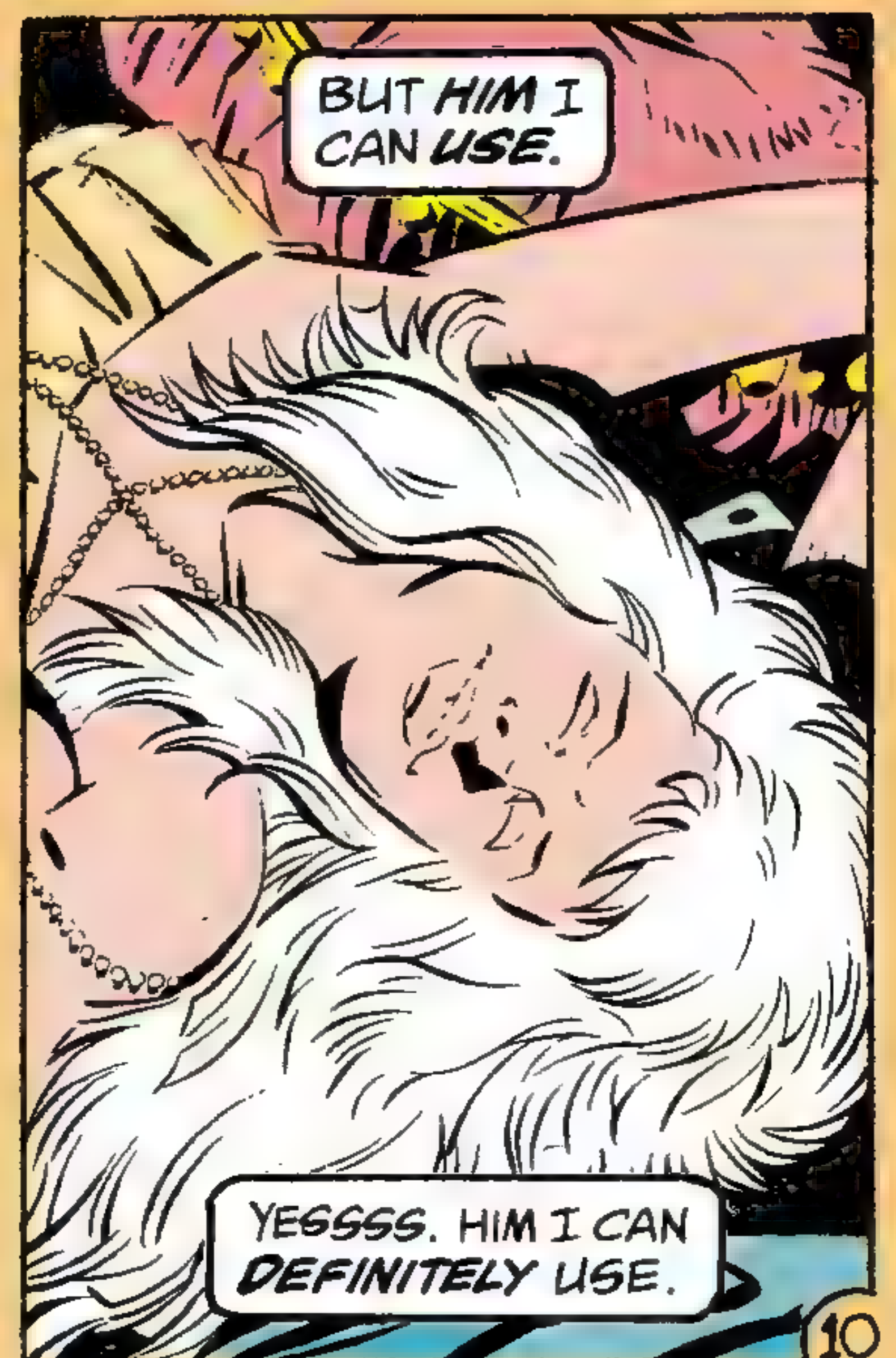
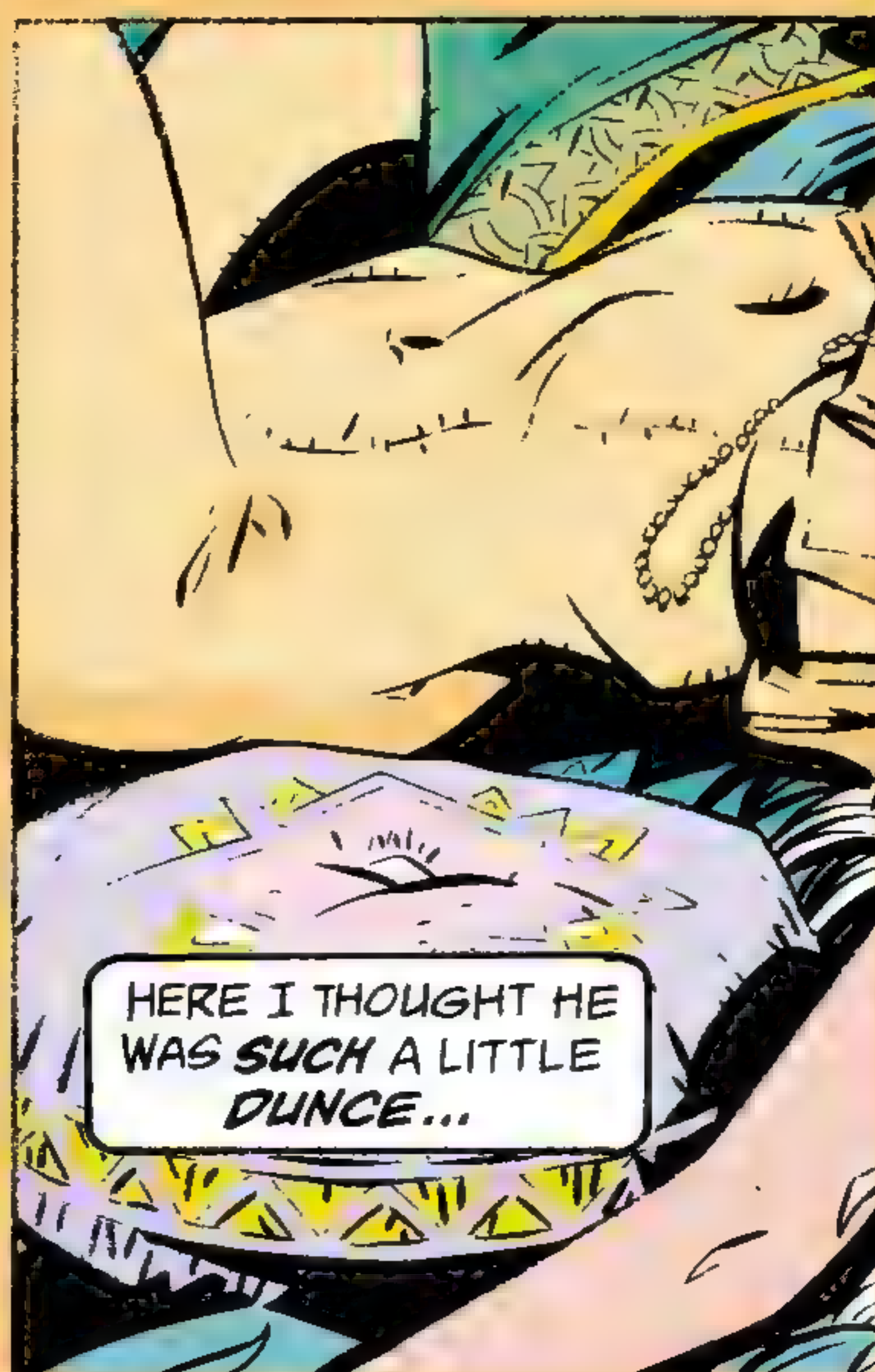
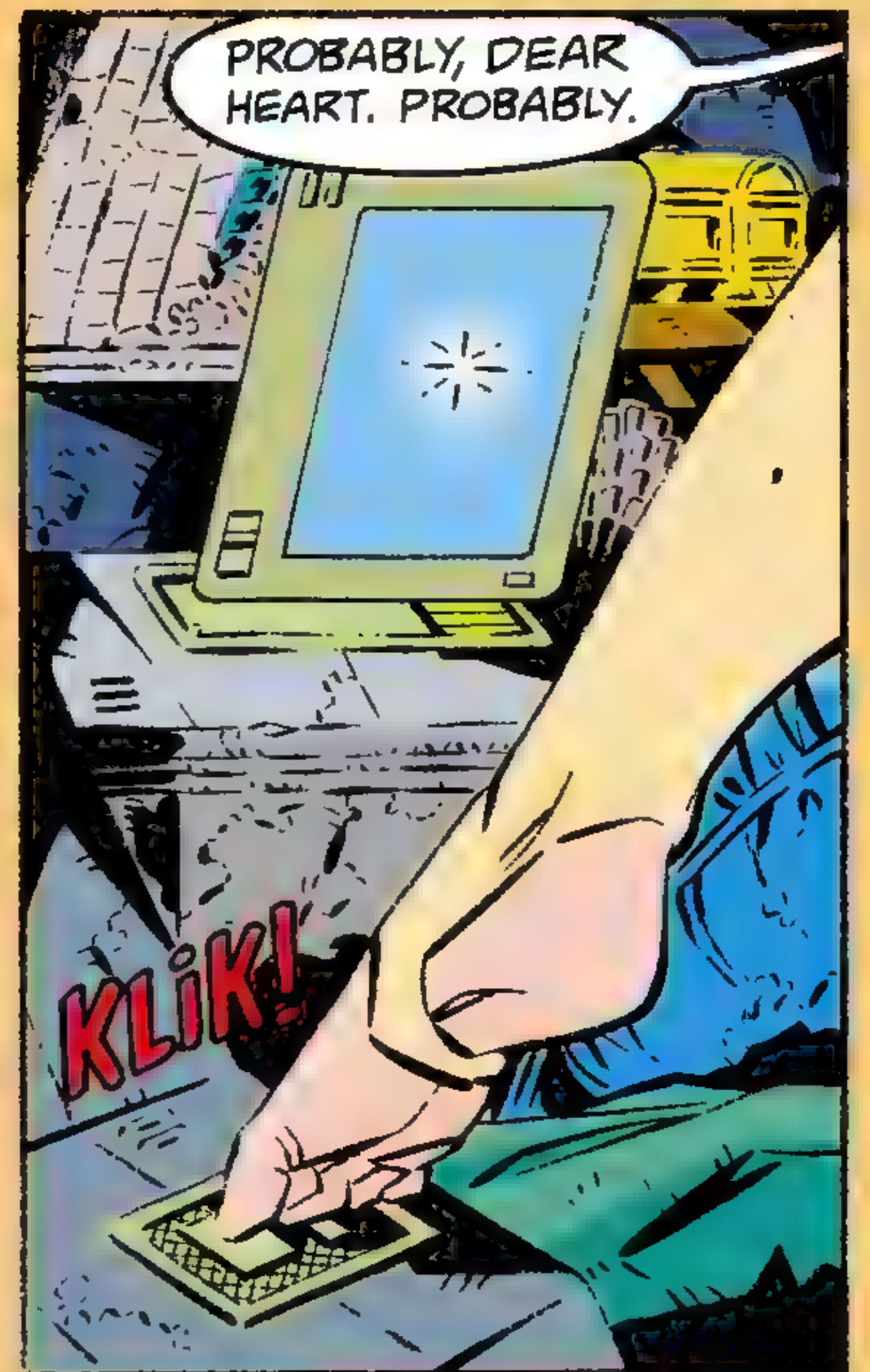
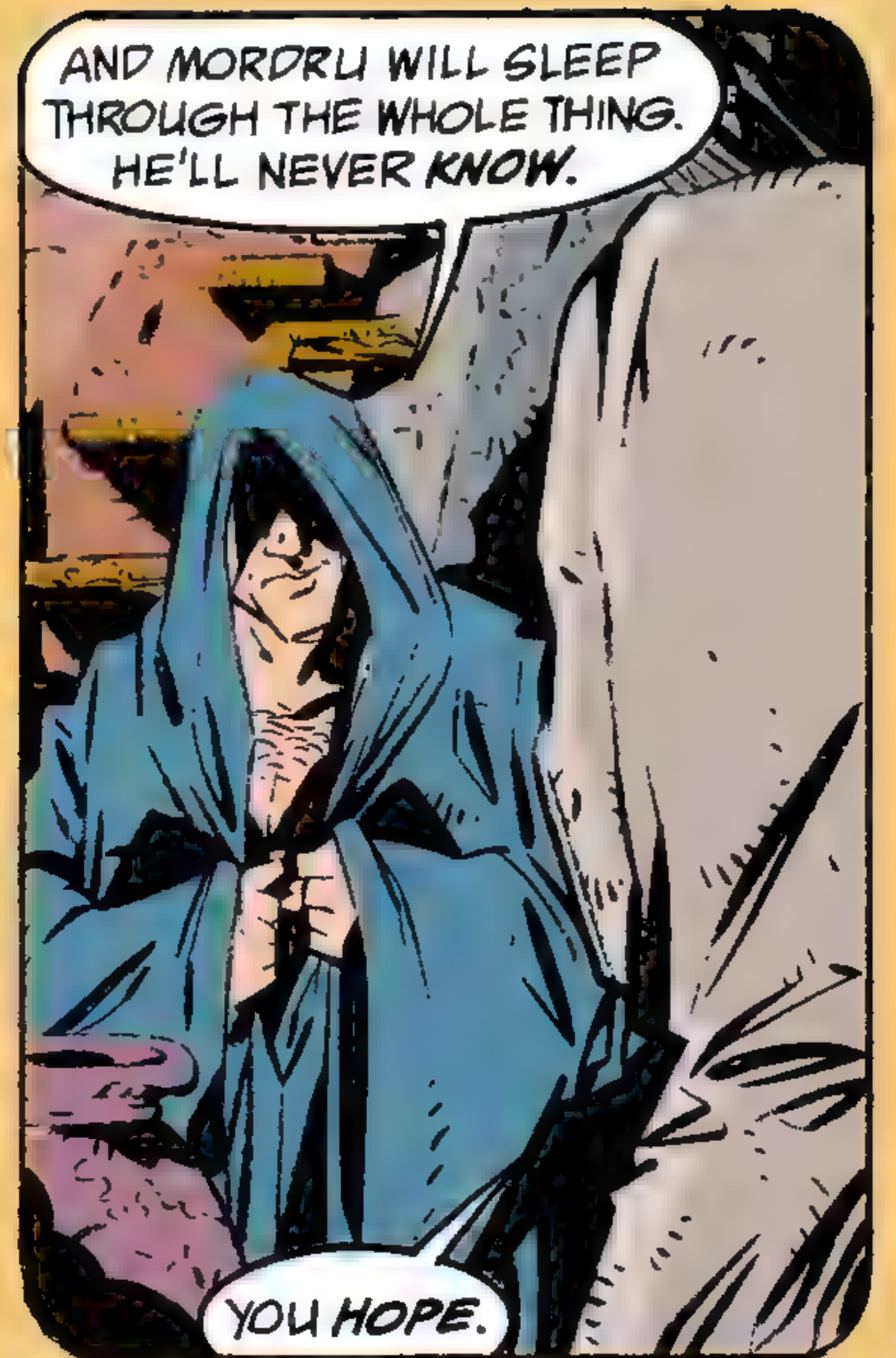
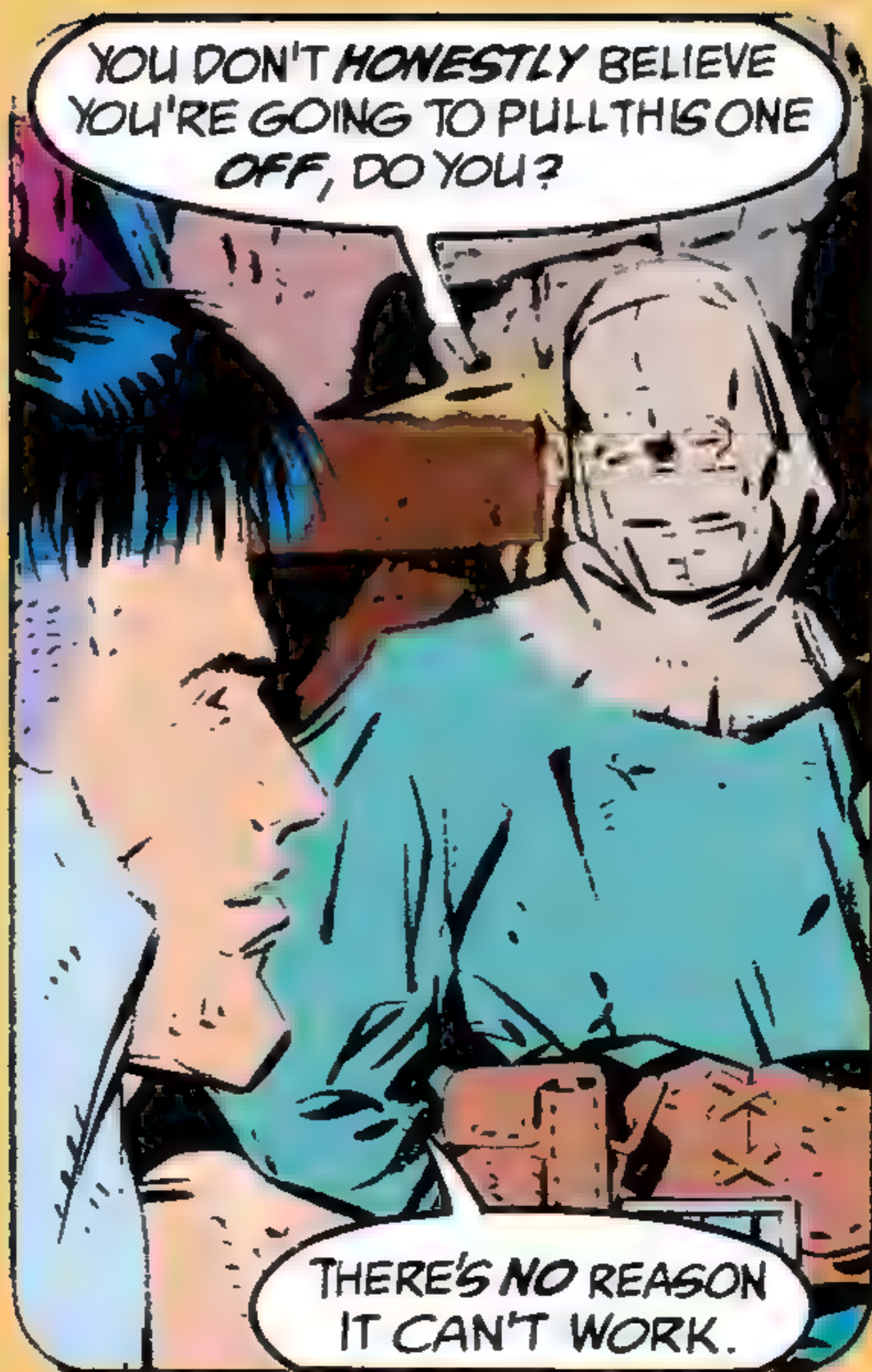
sigh!

...BECAUSE IF I *DON'T*,  
I'VE *GOT* NOTHING.

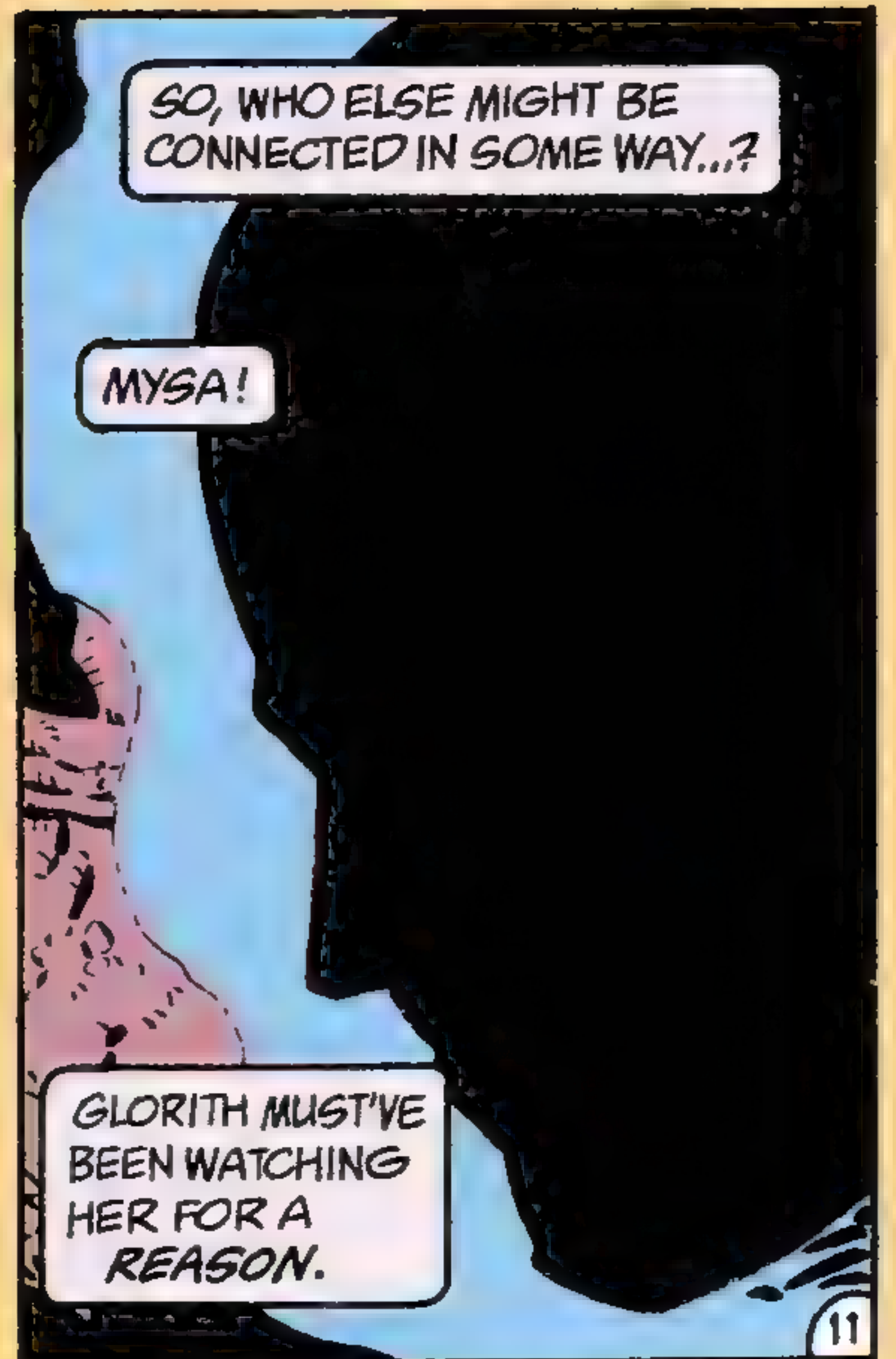
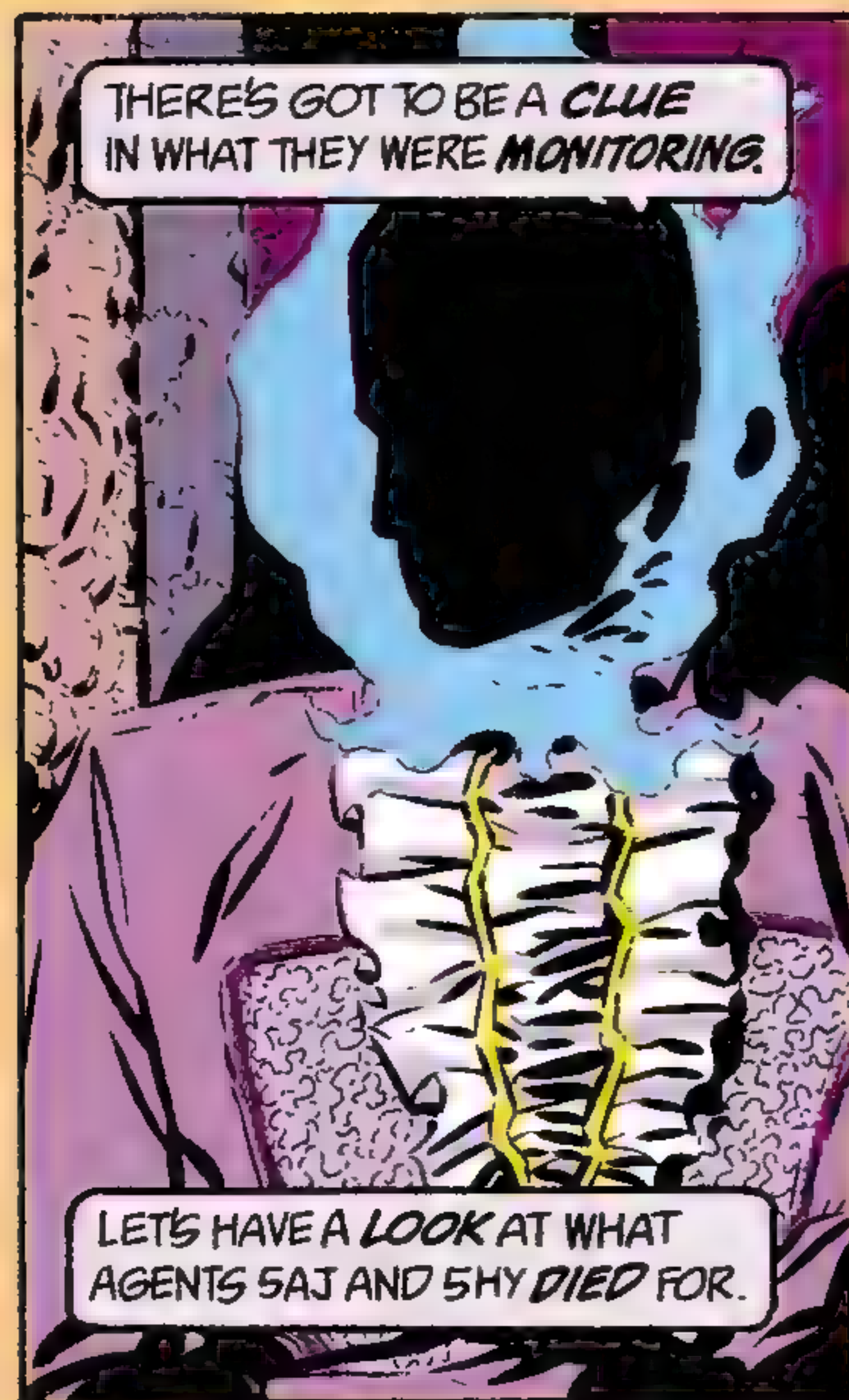
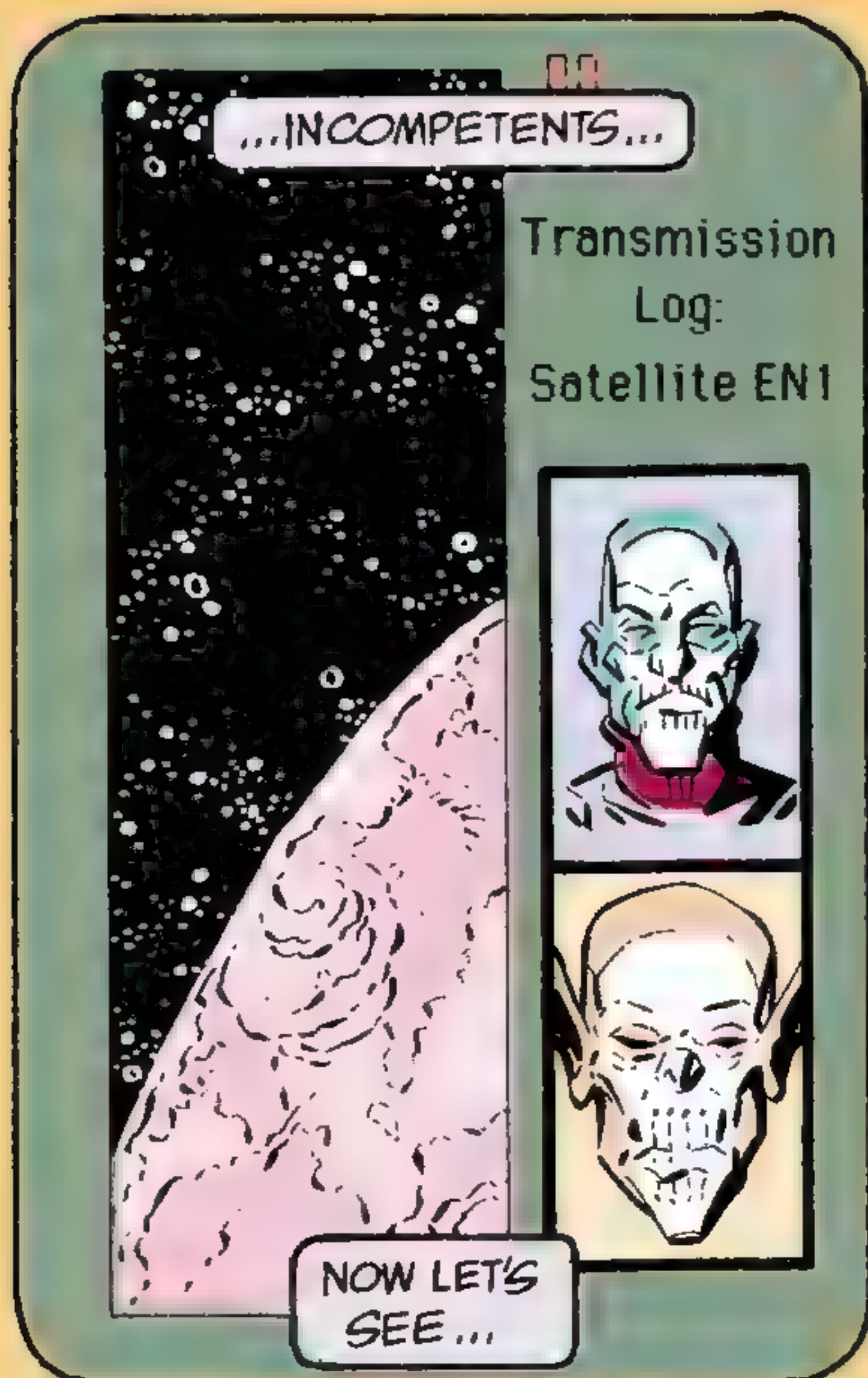
















ALMOST MIDNIGHT.

THE EMPEROR WILL BE  
SLEEPING SOUNDLY BY NOW.



MYSA SHOULD BE JUST  
ABOUT READY TO FORGE  
THE MINDLINK.



THE RITUAL CLEANSING, THE  
FASTING, *COMPLETED*.  
EVERYTHING'S READY.



AH, THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT.

NOW WE PLUNGE AHEAD,  
NEVER TO LOOK BACK!



COME TO ME...

COME TO ME...



THE SILLY BOY. HE'D SIT  
THERE *FOREVER* TRYING  
TO DO IT *HIMSELF*.

LET'S GIVE HIM  
A LITTLE HELP.



K-K-KRAK!



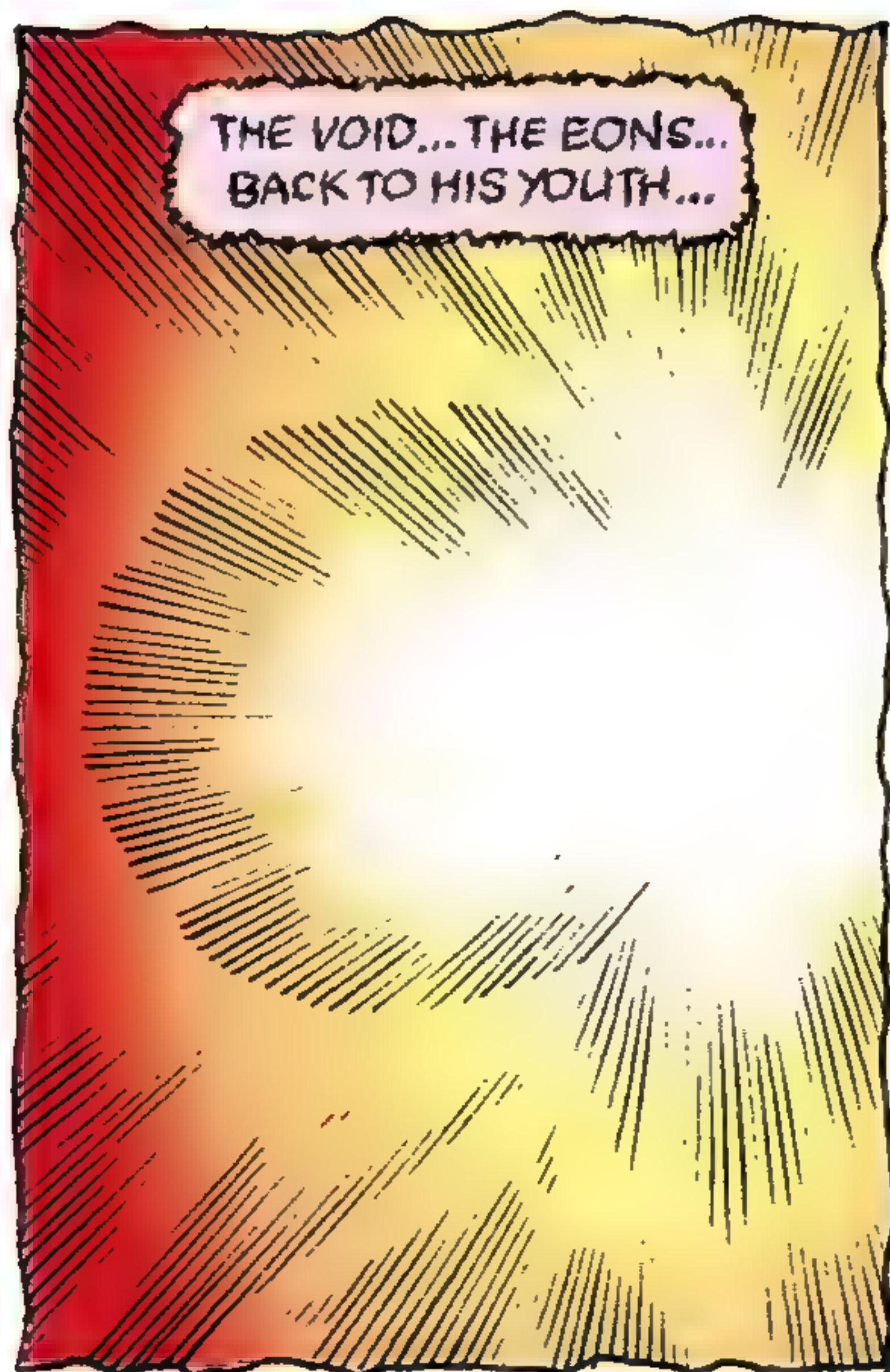
I...I...

MORDRU'S MIND...SO  
COLD...BLACK...



MY GOD! SO MUCH  
HATRED! THE DRIVING  
FEAR!





THE VOID... THE EONS...  
BACK TO HIS YOUTH...

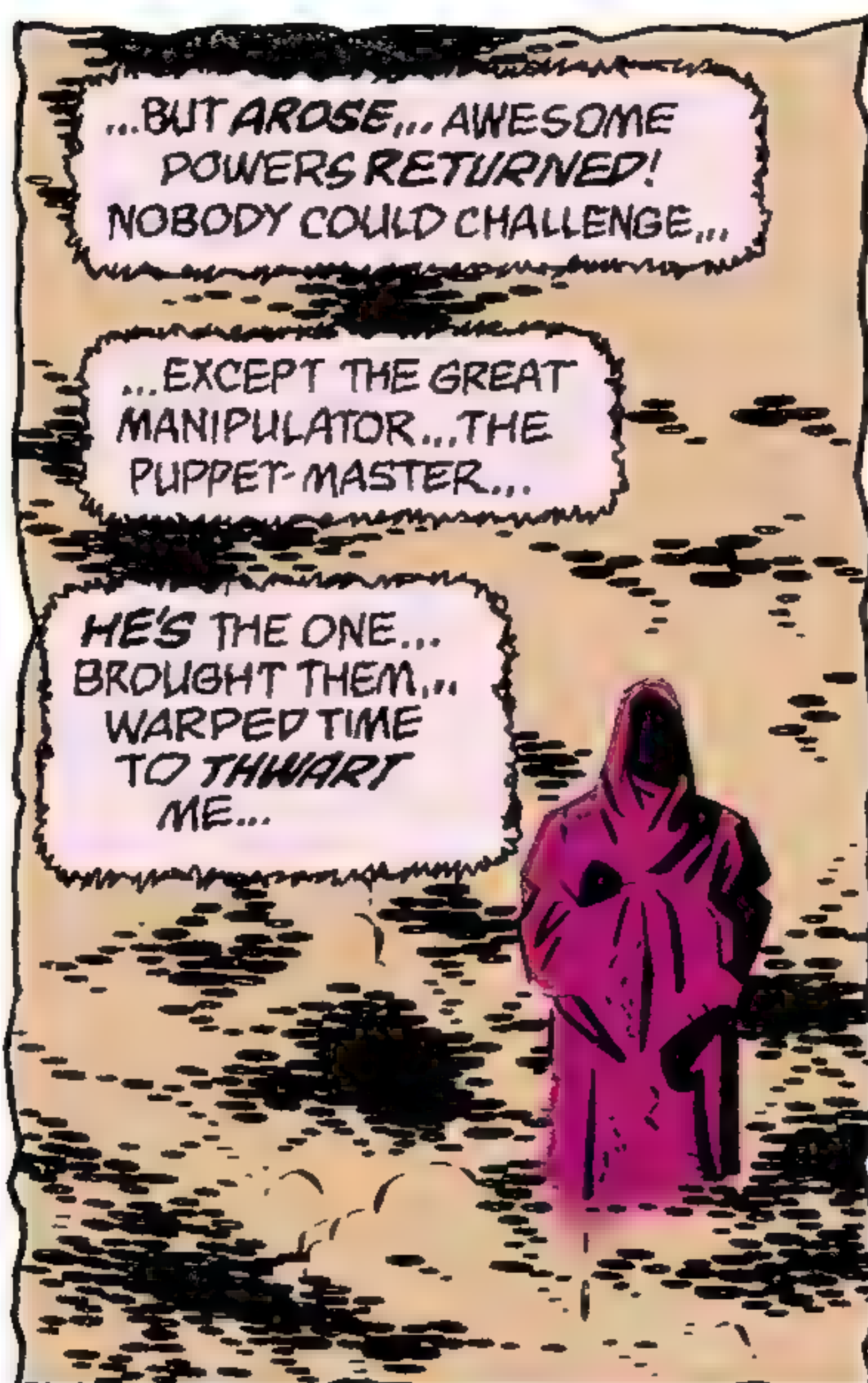


...GEMWORLD... WICKED  
VILLAINY... STRUGGLE TO  
CONQUER AMETHYST...



...DEFEAT... NO, NO!...  
BURIED ALIVE!...

...ENTOMBED FOR CENTURIES...



...BUT AROSE... AWESOME  
POWERS RETURNED!  
NOBODY COULD CHALLENGE...

...EXCEPT THE GREAT  
MANIPULATOR... THE  
PUPPET-MASTER...

HE'S THE ONE...  
BROUGHT THEM...  
WARPED TIME  
TO THWART  
ME...



HE'S THE ONE... BROUGHT  
THEM... MERCANTILE  
POWER OF THE DURLAN  
KNIGHT...

...CONSULT WITH  
YOUR WIFE...

WHY ARE  
YOU ASKING  
ME?



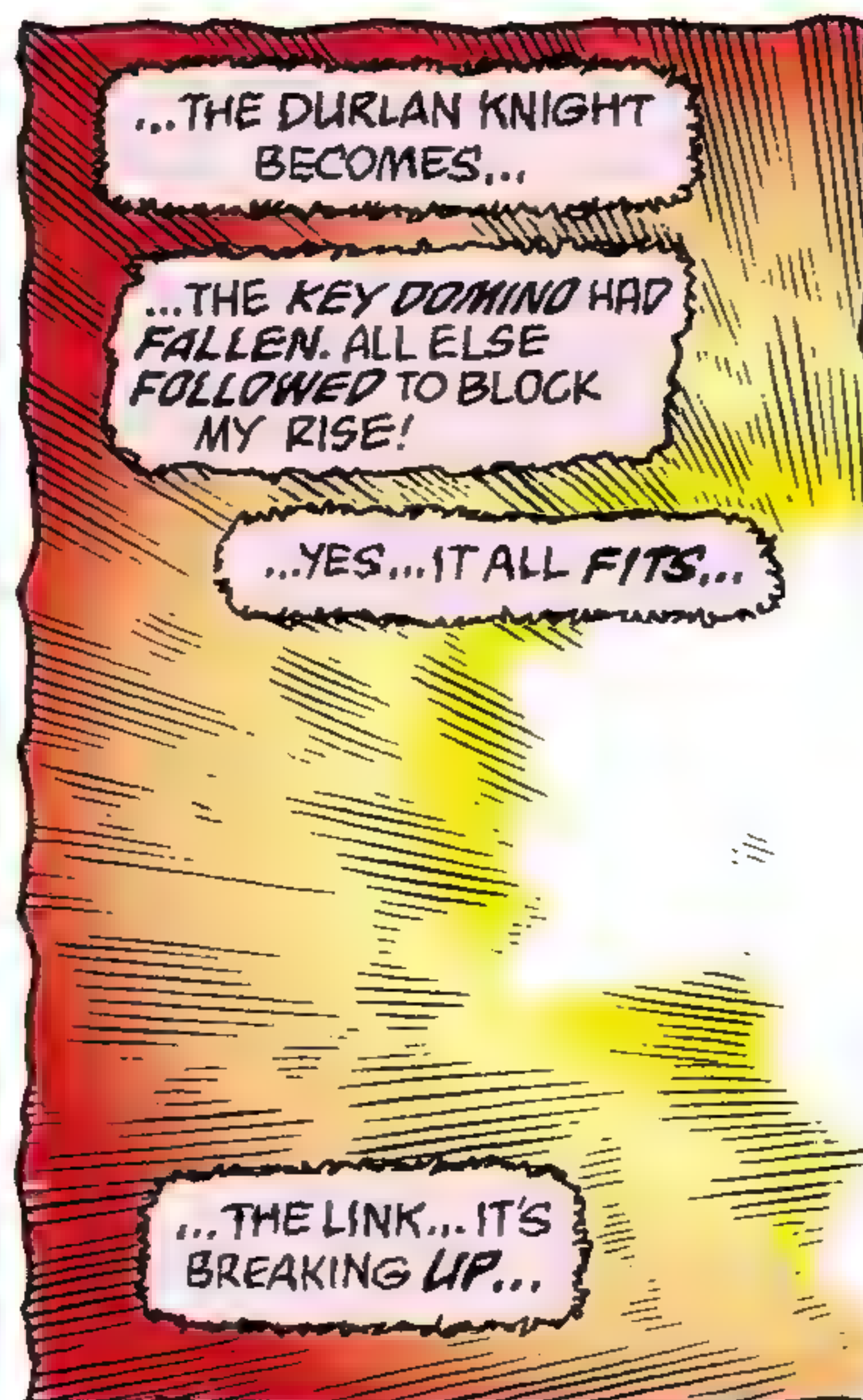
THE CURSED MOMENT...  
THE CRITICAL EXCHANGE!

...HUH?...



...THROUGH THE TIMESTREAM...  
THE PUPPET-MASTER BROUGHT  
HIM, THE DURLAN... INTO THE  
30TH CENTURY...

...TO PLAY A PIVOTAL ROLE...



...THE DURLAN KNIGHT  
BECOMES...

...THE KEY DOMINO HAD  
FALLEN. ALL ELSE  
FOLLOWED TO BLOCK  
MY RISE!

...YES... IT ALL FITS...

...THE LINK... IT'S  
BREAKING UP...



K-K-KRAK!





CURFEW PATROL. BIG *THREAT*.  
A *STATUE*'D BE MORE EFFECTIVE.



NOT ABOUT TO WASTE ENERGY  
WORRYING ABOUT *THEM*.

GOTTA SCROUNGE UP  
*SOMETHING*, OR THE  
FAMILY DOESN'T EAT.



THEY SURE PAY THE  
*PRICE* FOR MY IDEALS.

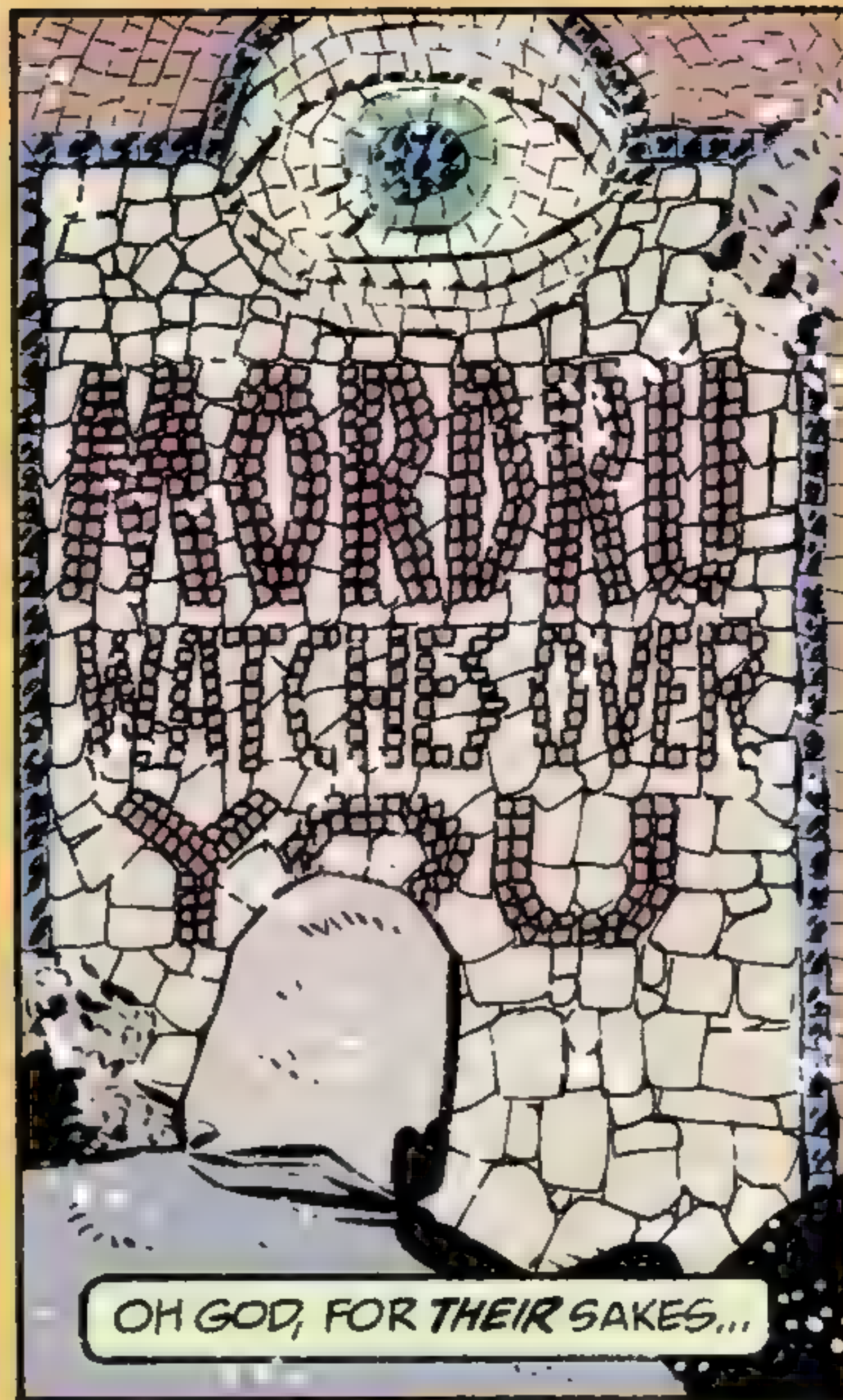
HELL, WITH THAT CRAZY  
*VIDAR*, I'M GOING TO  
PAY THE PRICE.

THE *ULTIMATE* PRICE.



HOW DID I GET MIXED UP  
WITH HIM? SURE, HE CAN  
AFFORD TO BELIEVE. ALL HE  
STANDS TO LOSE IS HIS *LIFE*.

A HUSBAND--A *FATHER*--  
DOESN'T HAVE THAT *LUXURY*.



OH GOD, FOR *THEIR* SAKES...



PLEASE LET *VIDAR* COME  
TO HIS *SENSES*.



*K-K-KRAK!*

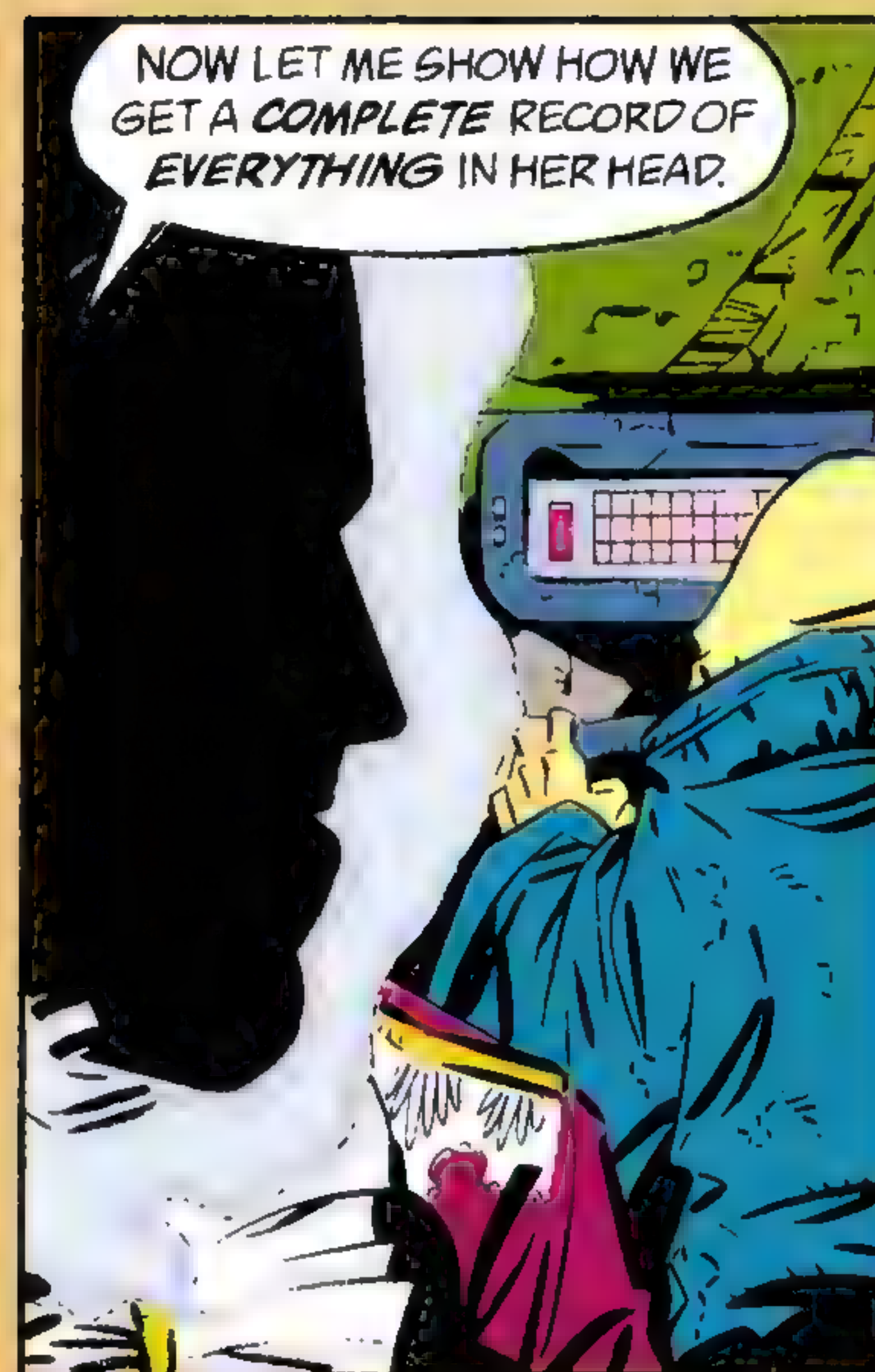


MERCIFUL GOD. HE  
*DID* IT. HE REALLY  
*DID* IT.



WELCOME TO THE  
*WALKING DEAD*,  
ANDREW NOLAN.









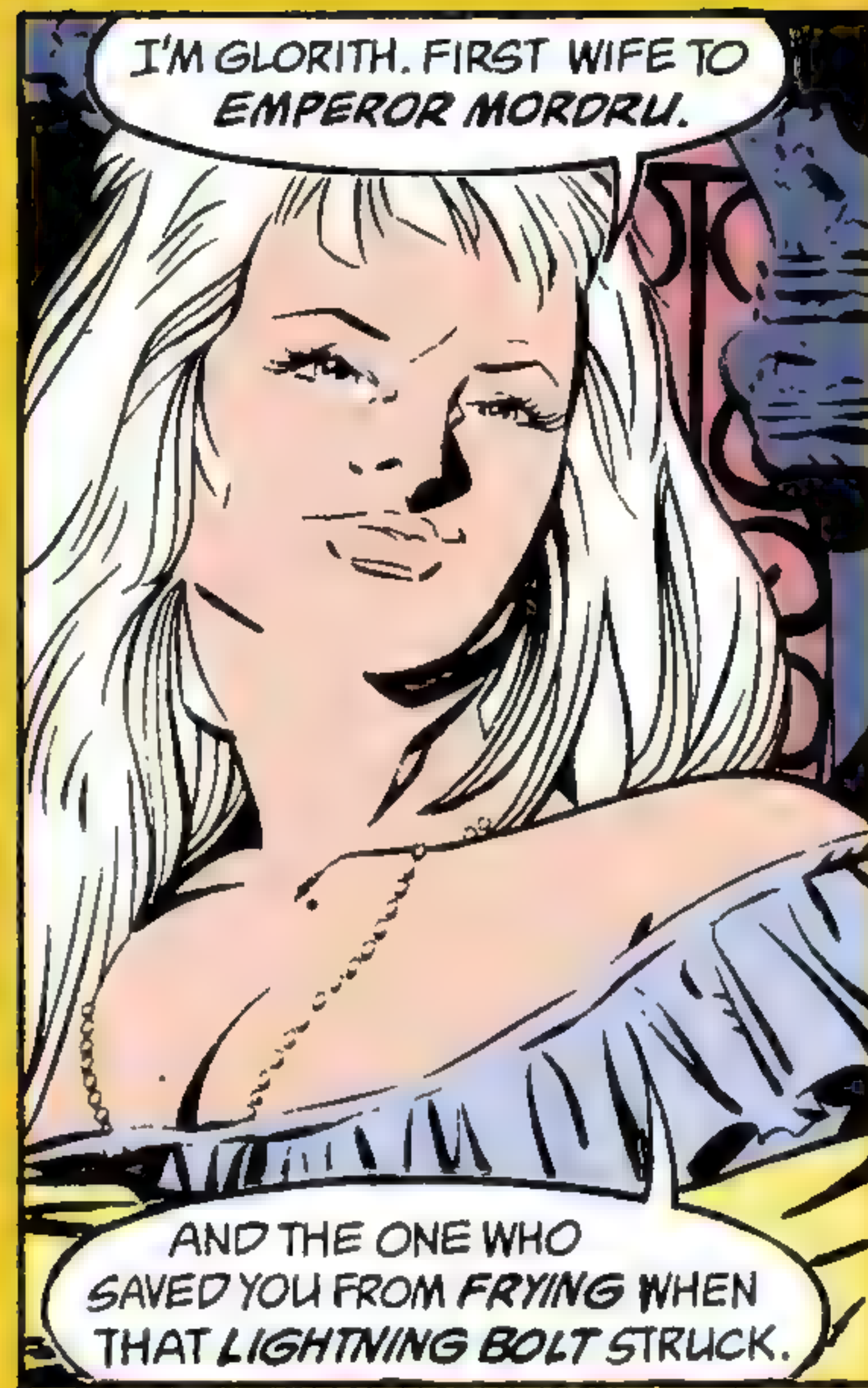
...ROND?  
...READY TO  
...WAKE UP  
...ROND?!



...OH YES...  
DEFINITELY  
COMING  
AROUND...

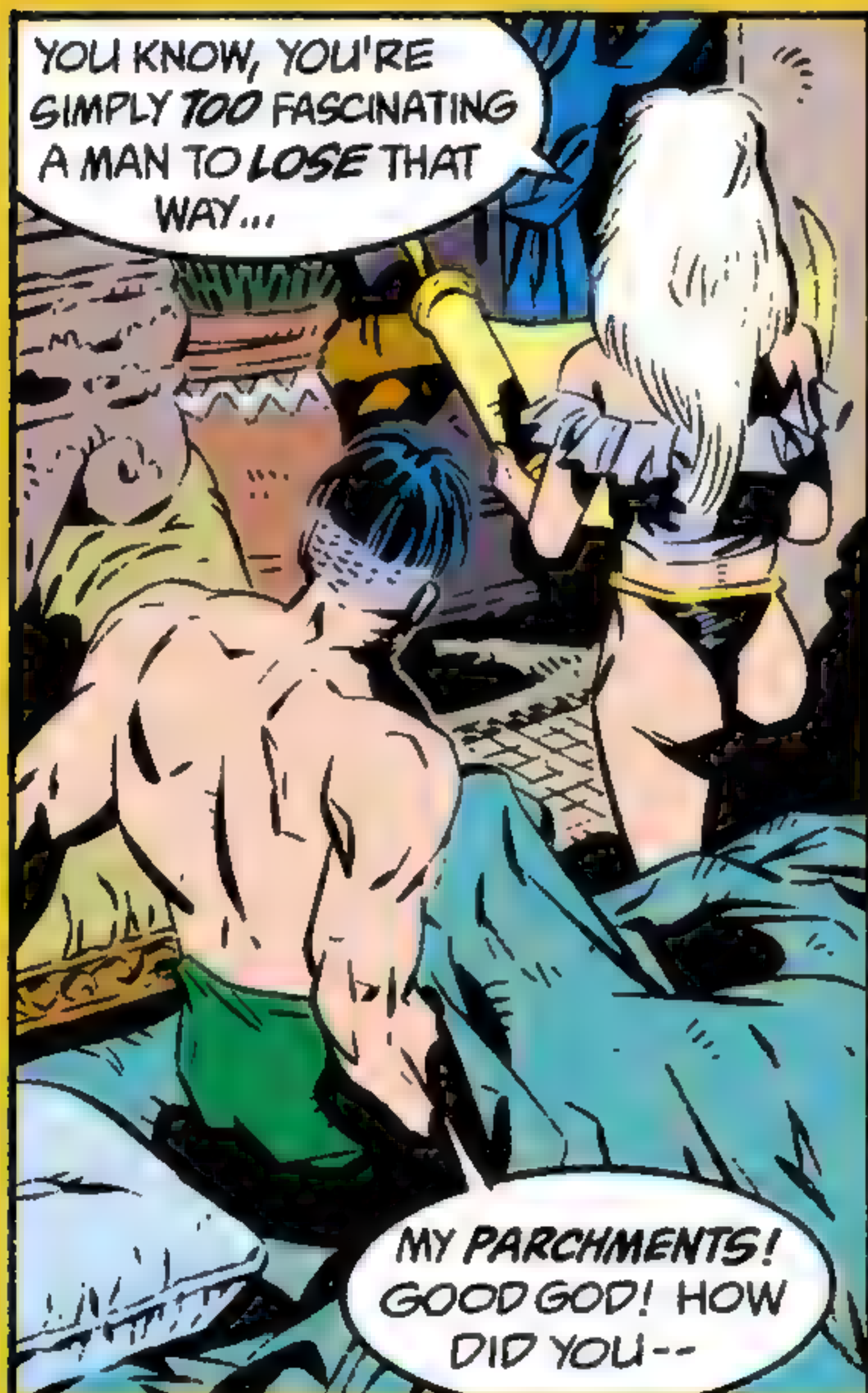
...POOR SWEET  
BOY... MUST FEEL  
AWFUL!

...WHO?...



I'M GLORITH. FIRST WIFE TO  
EMPEROR MORDRU.

AND THE ONE WHO  
SAVED YOU FROM FRYING WHEN  
THAT LIGHTNING BOLT STRUCK.



YOU KNOW, YOU'RE  
SIMPLY *TOO* FASCINATING  
A MAN TO LOSE THAT  
WAY...

MY PARCHMENTS!  
GOOD GOD! HOW  
DID YOU--

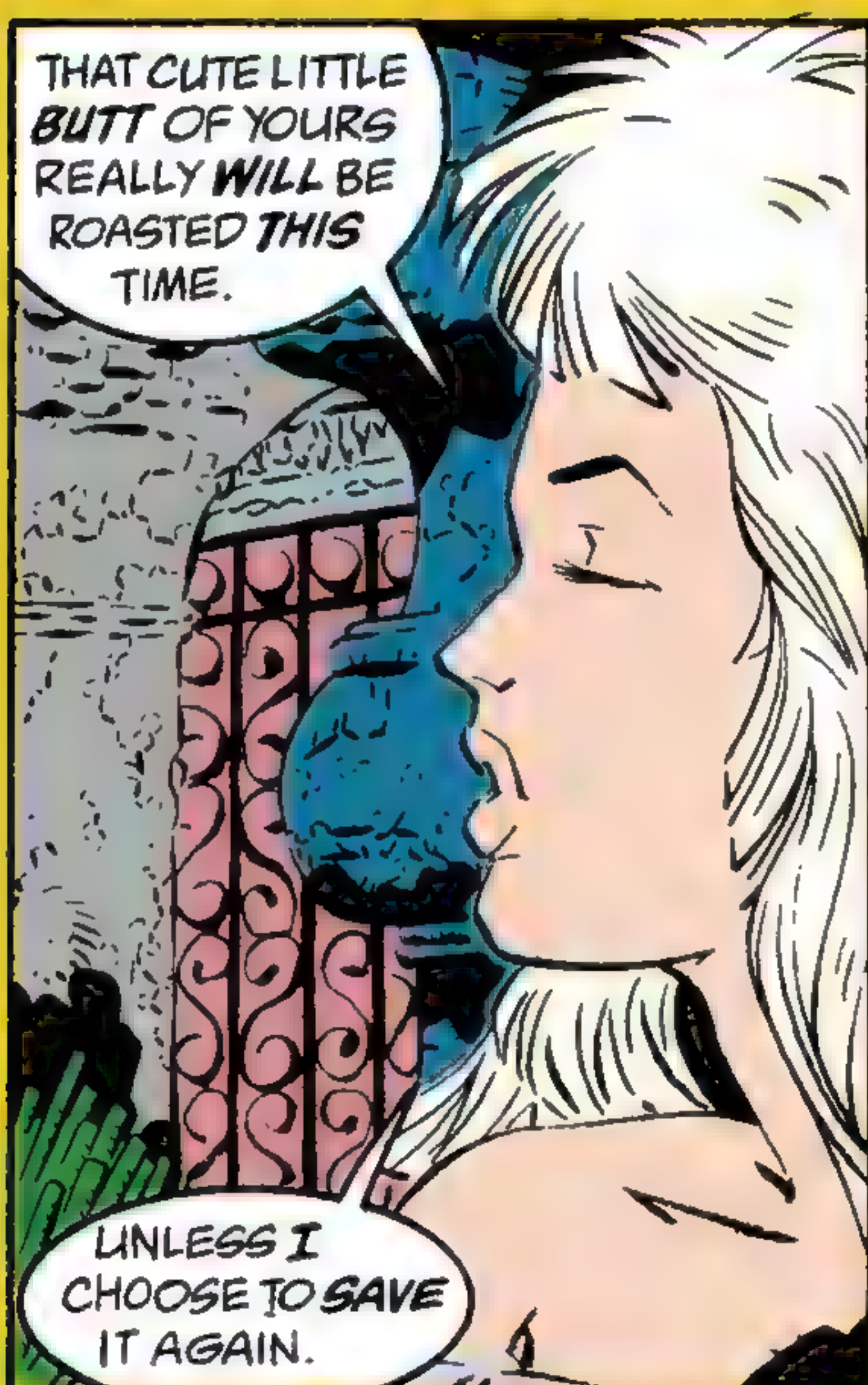


...OOOHHH...

EASY NOW,  
HONEY. YOU'LL NEED  
TO *SAVE* YOUR ENERGY.



AFTER ALL, WHEN *MORDRU*  
AWAKENS AT DAWN, HE *WILL* KNOW  
HIS *MIND* HAS BEEN VIOLATED.  
AND BY *WHOM*.



THAT CUTE LITTLE  
*BUTT* OF YOURS  
REALLY *WILL* BE  
ROASTED *THIS*  
TIME.

UNLESS I  
CHOOSE TO *SAVE*  
IT AGAIN.



YOU SEE, I HAVE  
THIS FEELING WE  
CAN BE OF MUTUAL  
SERVICE, YOU  
AND I...

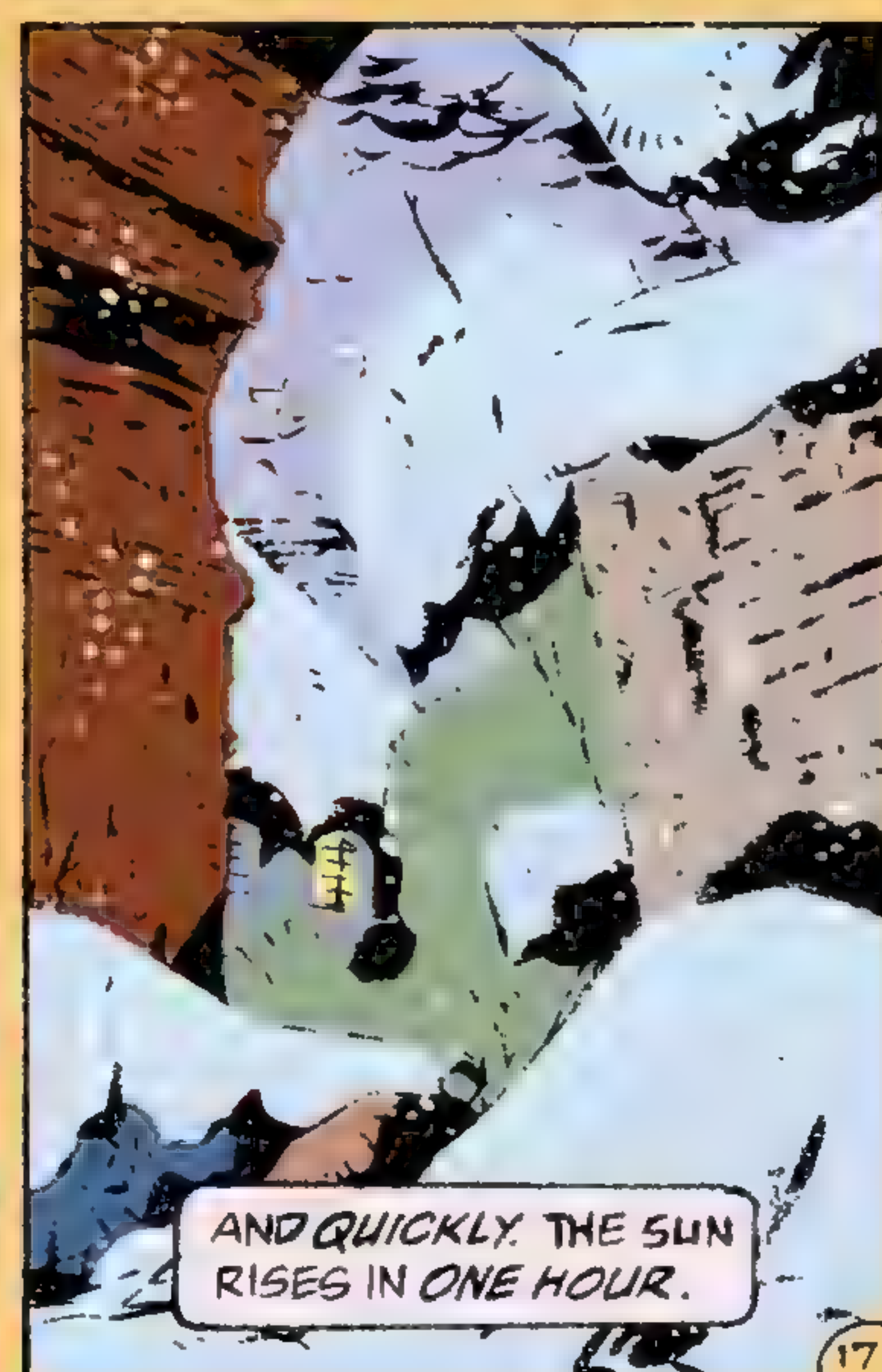
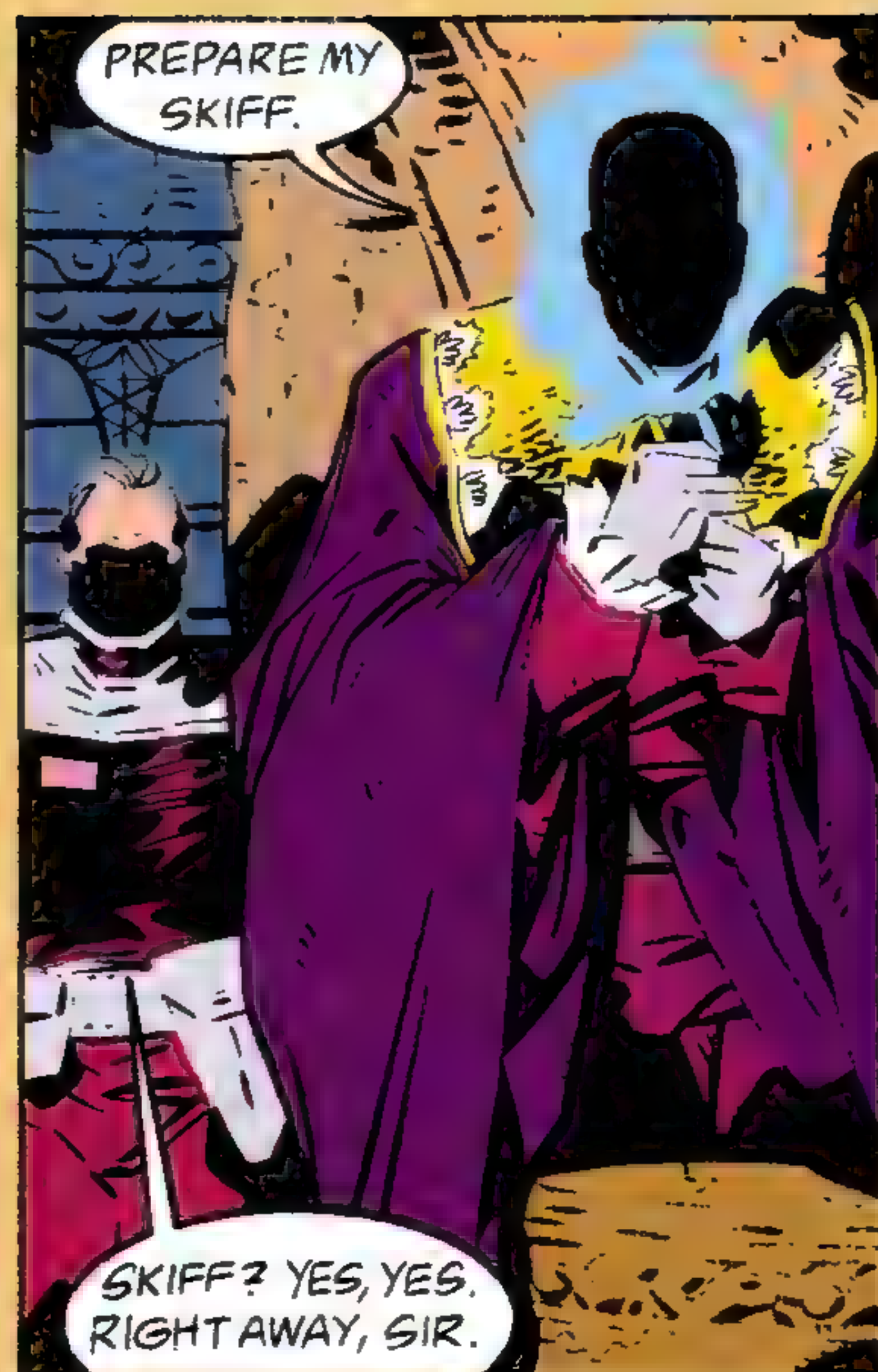
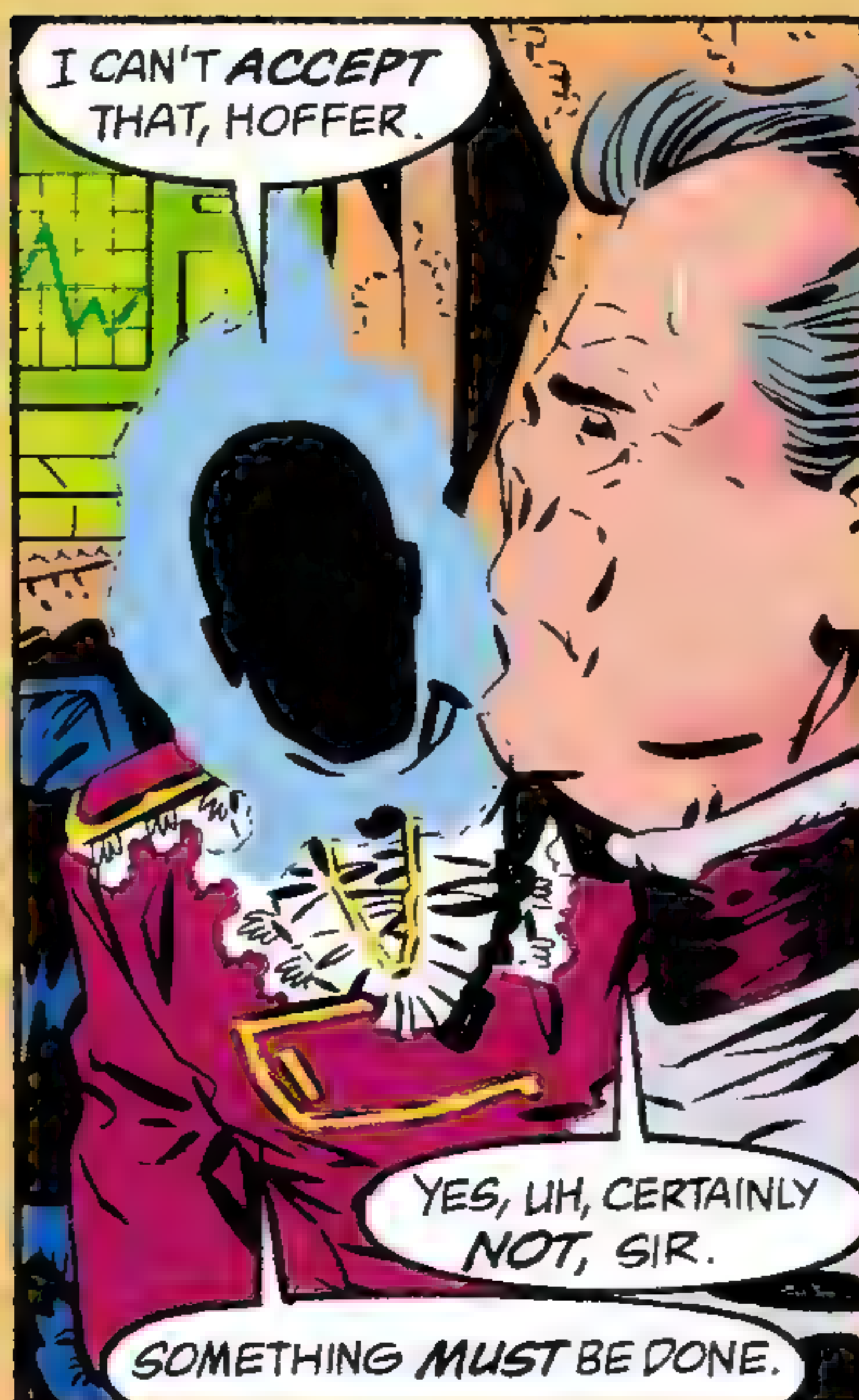
...UHN...



YES, ROND VIDAR...

I THINK  
IT'S TIME WE  
HAD A *NICE*  
LONG CHAT.









WHOA! THAT'S A CLASS III SKIFF. ONE OF MORDRU'S DIGNITARIES.

COULDN'T'VE SPOTTED ME, THOUGH...



UH-OH. HEADED FOR HOLY CROSS.

THEY'RE ON TO US ALL RIGHT.

DAMN IT!



STUPID MYSA-- MUST BE BACK AT THE CATHEDRAL!

IF SHE IS, SHE'S FINISHED!



BUT I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!

I HAVE TO THINK ABOUT MY FAMILY. THERE'S GOT TO BE A SAFE PLACE TO RUN.

I...



DAMMIT, DAMMIT, DAMMIT!

JACQUES... DOUGLAS... FOXMOOR... AND NOW...



I JUST CAN'T RUN OFF AND LET ANOTHER ONE DIE!

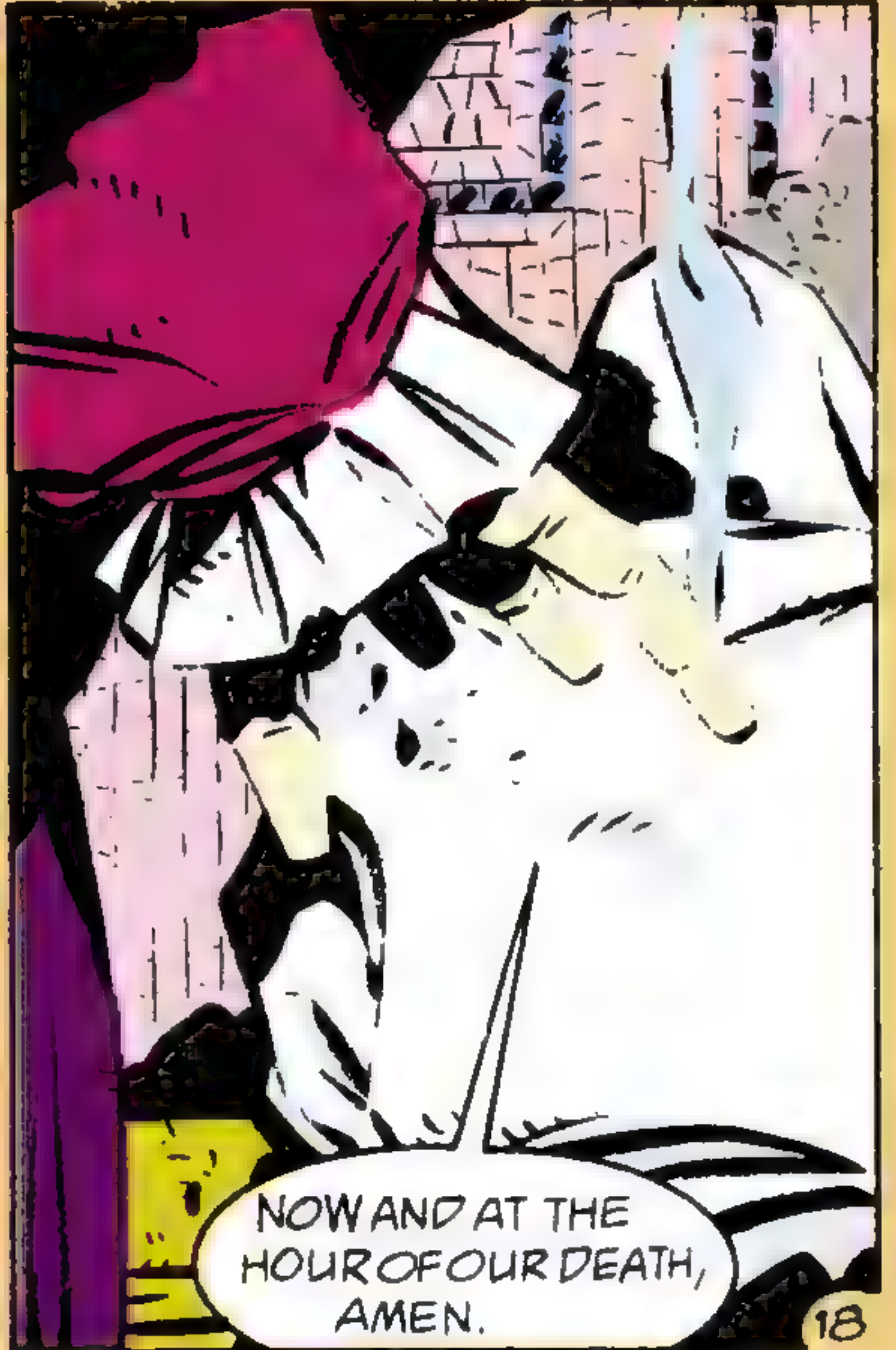
DAMN IT!



HOLY MARY MOTHER OF GOD...

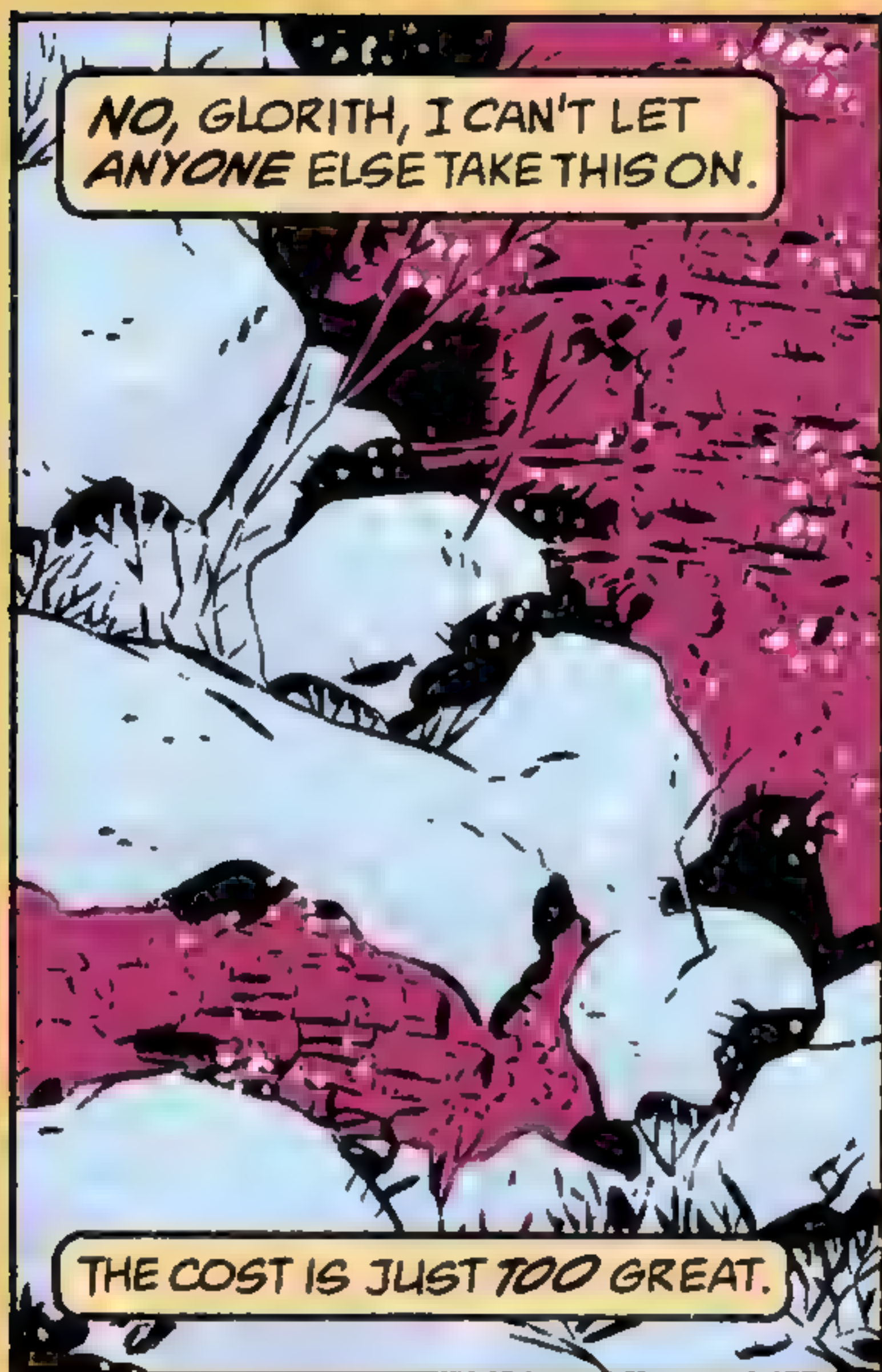


PRAY FOR US SINNERS...



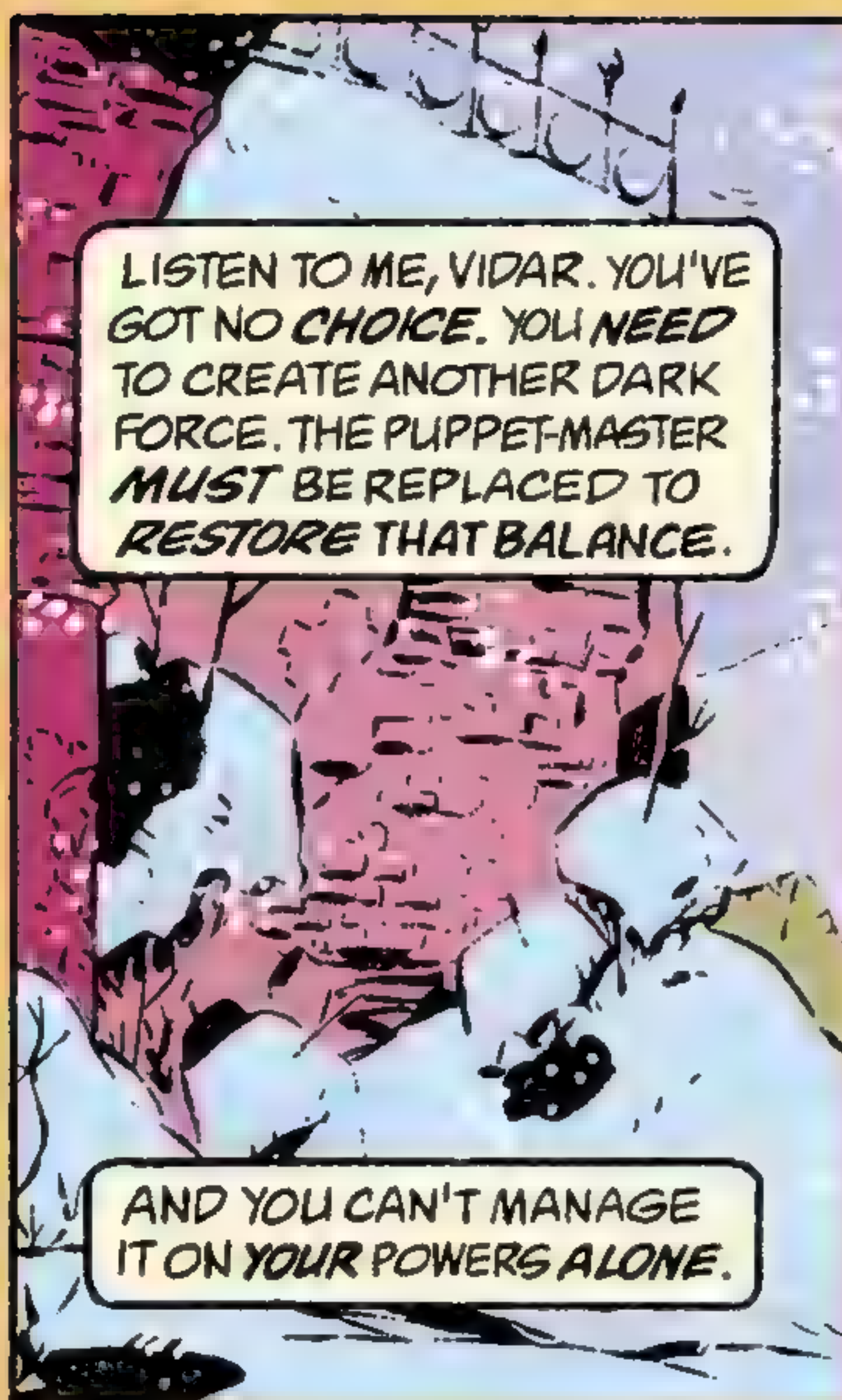
NOW AND AT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH, AMEN.





NO, GLORITH, I CAN'T LET ANYONE ELSE TAKE THIS ON.

THE COST IS JUST TOO GREAT.



LISTEN TO ME, VIDAR. YOU'VE GOT NO CHOICE. YOU NEED TO CREATE ANOTHER DARK FORCE. THE PUPPET-MASTER **MUST** BE REPLACED TO RESTORE THAT BALANCE.

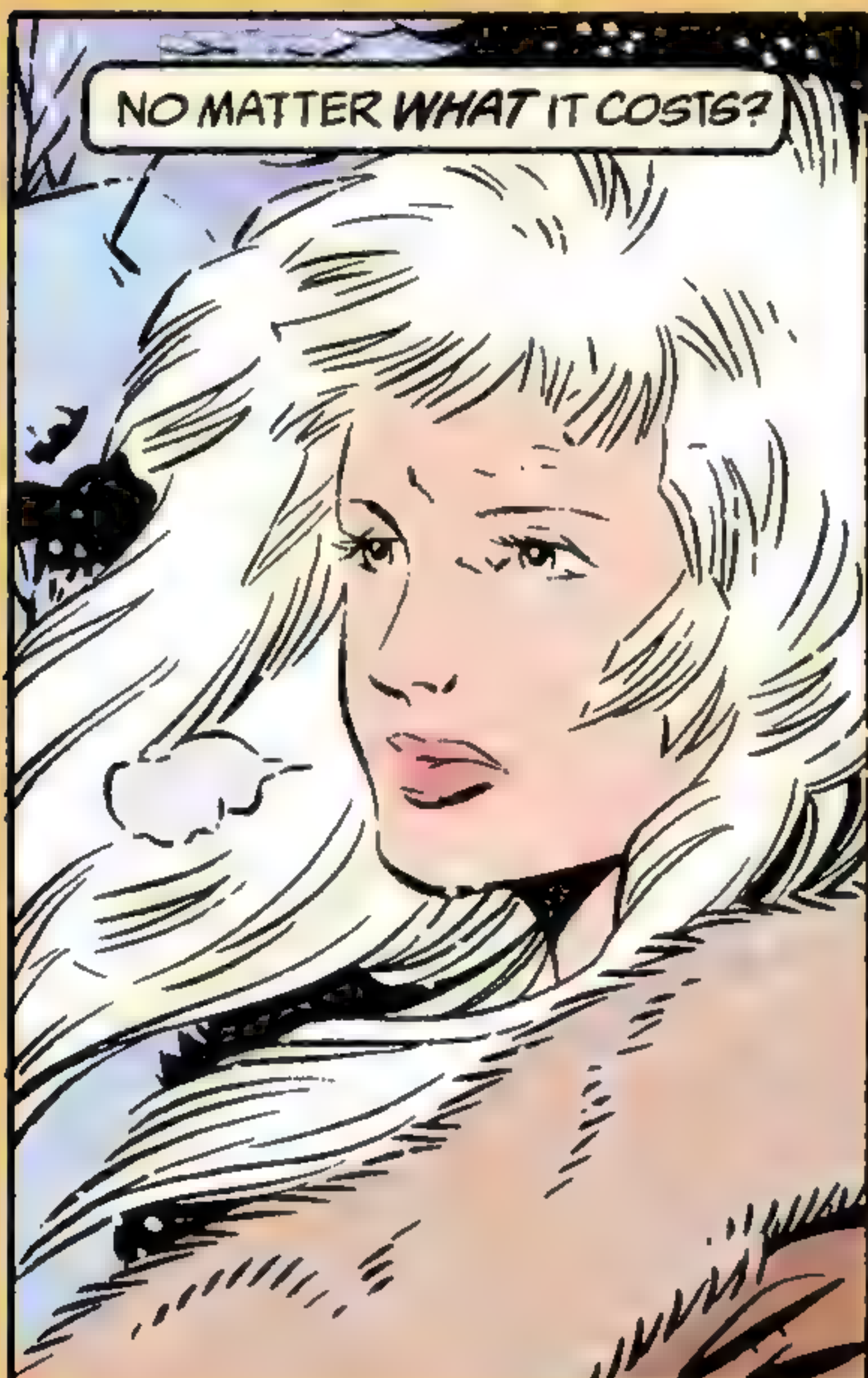
AND YOU CAN'T MANAGE IT ON YOUR POWERS ALONE.



BUT I CAN DO IT, ROND. IT'S MY DESTINY TO DO IT.

I WILL HAVE THAT POWER.

I WILL BECOME THAT FORCE.



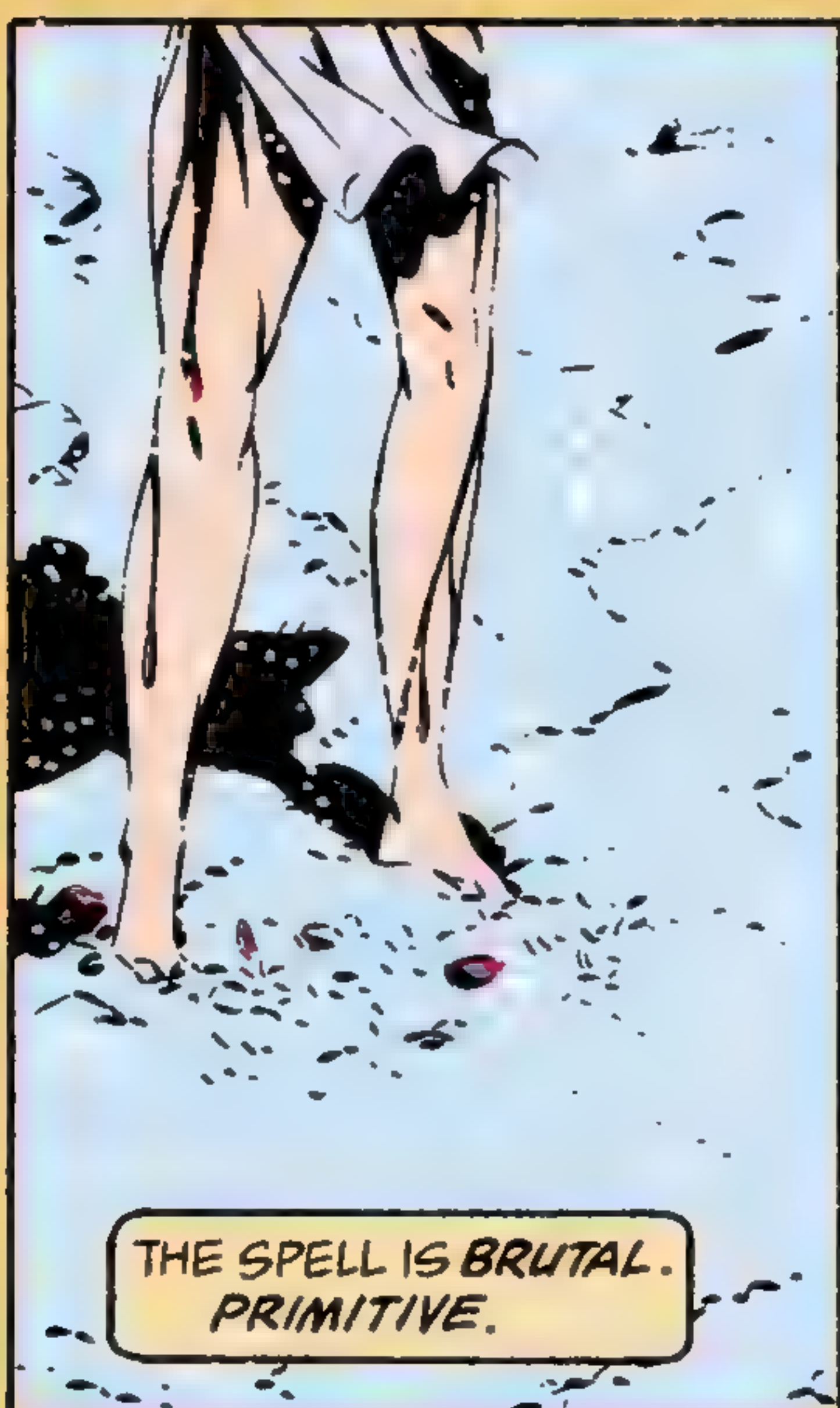
NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS?



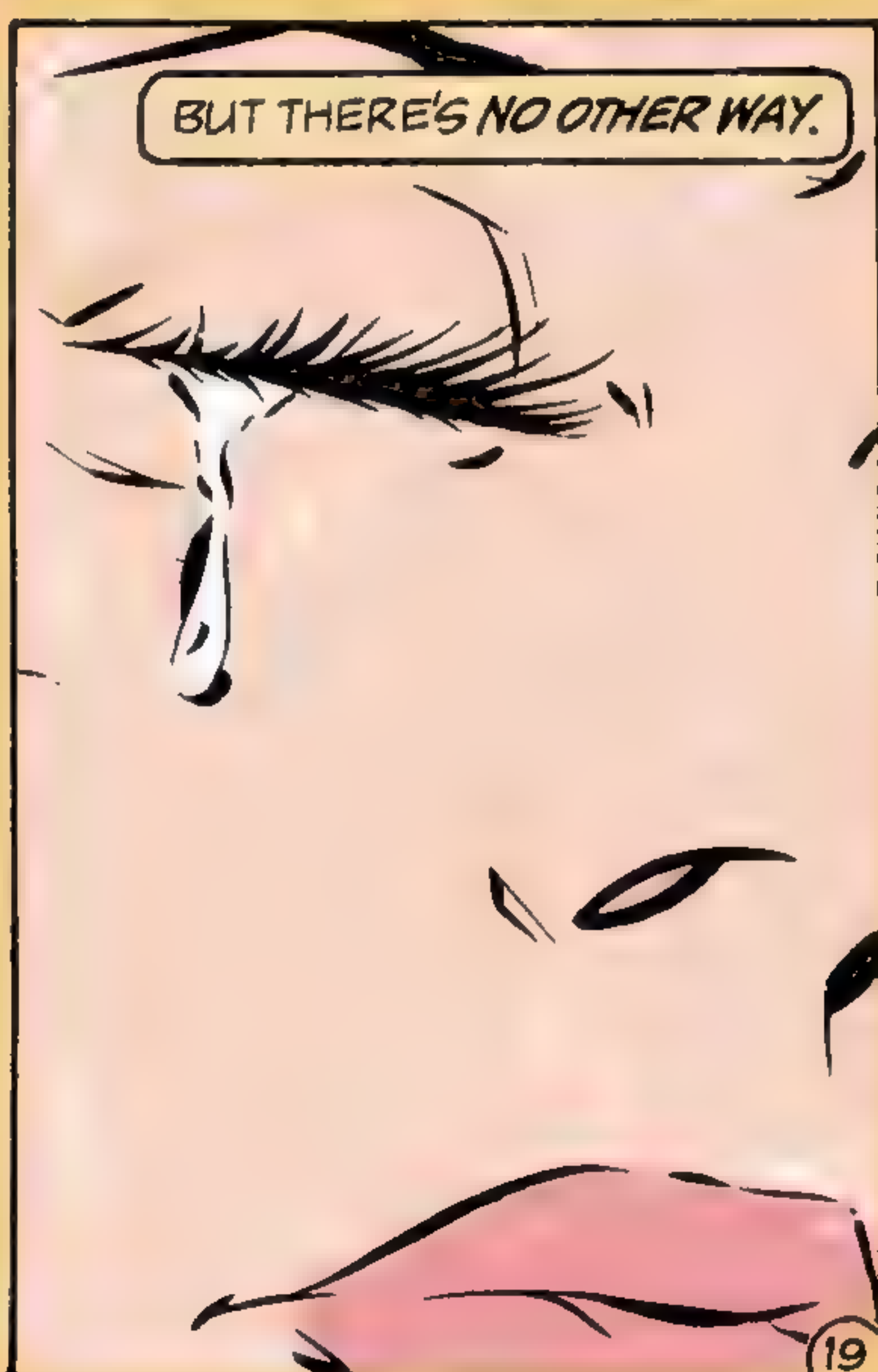
NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS.



VERY WELL, GLORITH...



THE SPELL IS BRUTAL. PRIMITIVE.



BUT THERE'S NO OTHER WAY.





I ALMOST FEEL *SORRY* FOR HER.



GLORITH *KNEW* SHE COULDN'T BACK OUT. SHE'S IN JUST AS DEEP AS *WE* ARE.



SO NOW ALL OUR FATES ARE IN *HER* HANDS.

*EVERYTHING* IS IN HER HANDS.



LORD. WHAT IF SHE CAN'T *DO* IT?

WHAT IF I WAS *WRONG*?



PERHAPS NOLAN WAS RIGHT. MAYBE THIS IS SHEER INSANITY.



WHAT *EVER* MADE ME SO *CONFIDENT*?

THE LEGENDS...THE MYTHS... THEY ALL *MESHED* WITH MORDRU'S DREAMS...



MORDRU'S--

...THIS IS PROBABLY *HIS* GAME...



WHO'S TO SAY HE HASN'T MADE *ALL* OF THIS UP, JUST TO *TOY* WITH US.



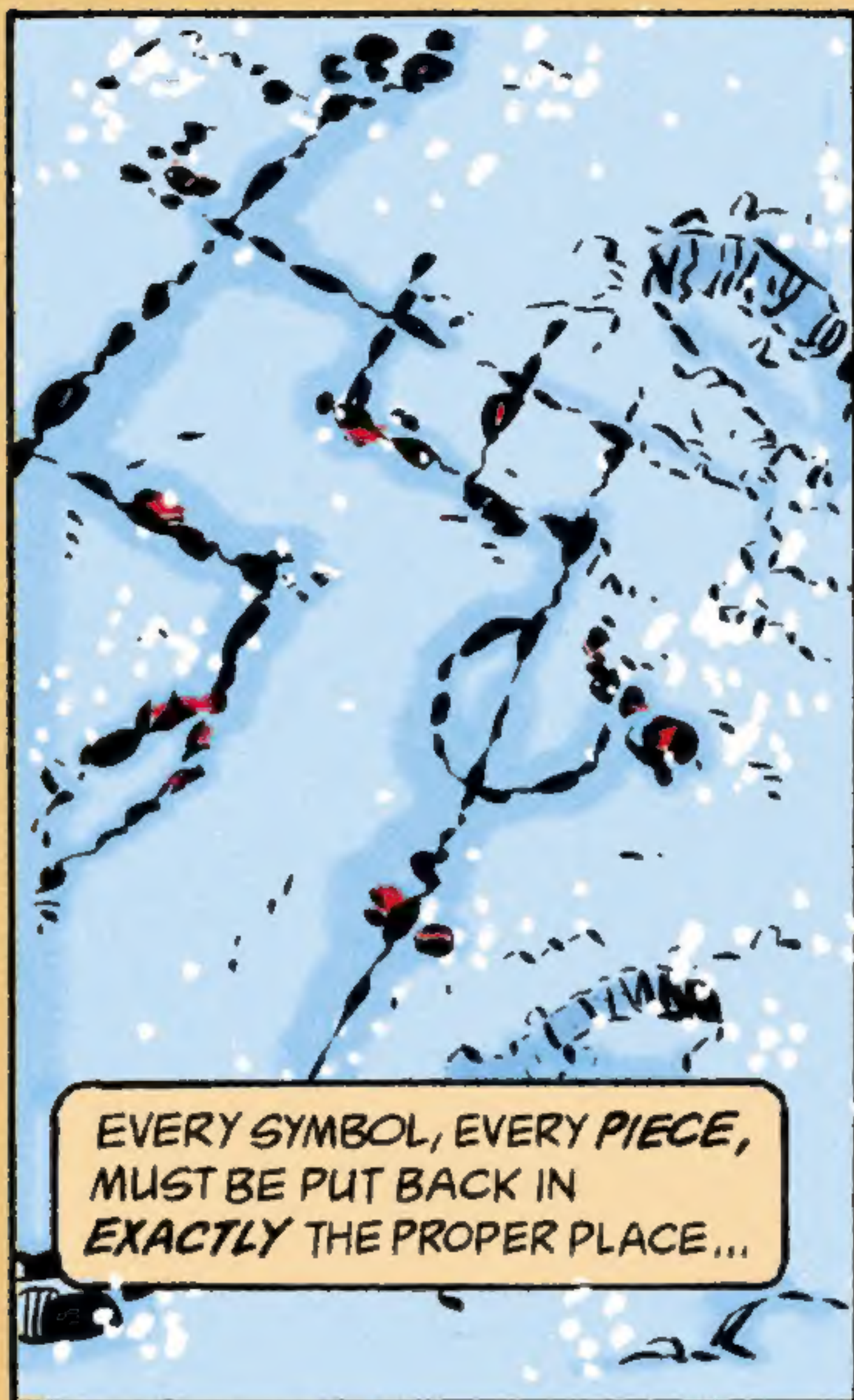
HAVE MERCY ON US ALL.





PLEASE ...

PLEASE LET HER  
DO IT RIGHT.



EVERY SYMBOL, EVERY PIECE,  
MUST BE PUT BACK IN  
EXACTLY THE PROPER PLACE...



IF THE NEW ORDER IS TO BE  
CREATED, THE FIT MUST BE  
PRECISE.



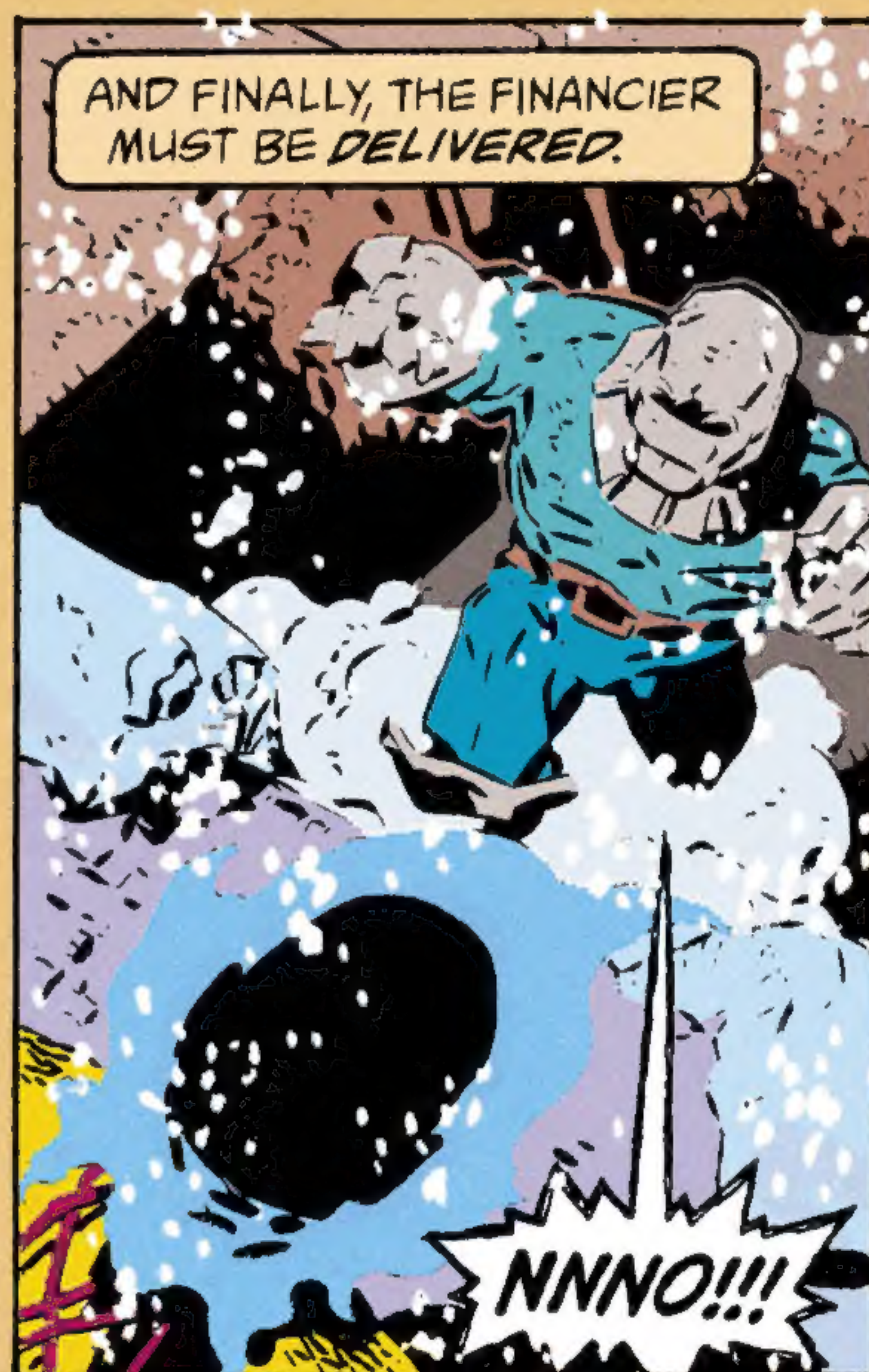
THE LEGENDARY SOURCE OF  
INSPIRATION MUST BE REPLACED.

IT WAS  
WISE OF YOU  
NOT TO RESIST.



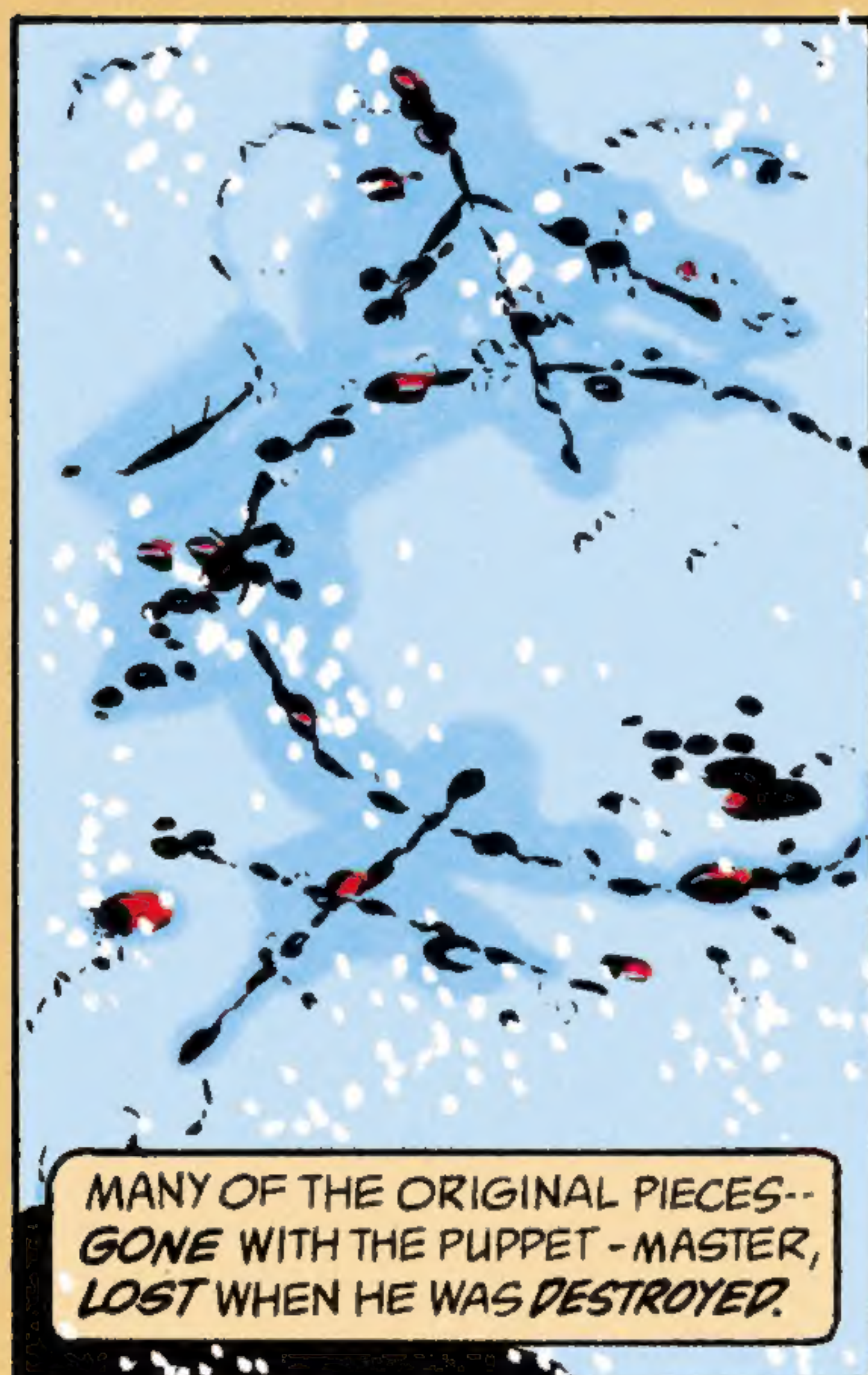
THE DAXAMITE STRENGTH  
MUST BE RESTORED.

I'VE BEEN  
PREPARING MYSELF  
FOR THIS MOMENT.



AND FINALLY, THE FINANCIER  
MUST BE DELIVERED.

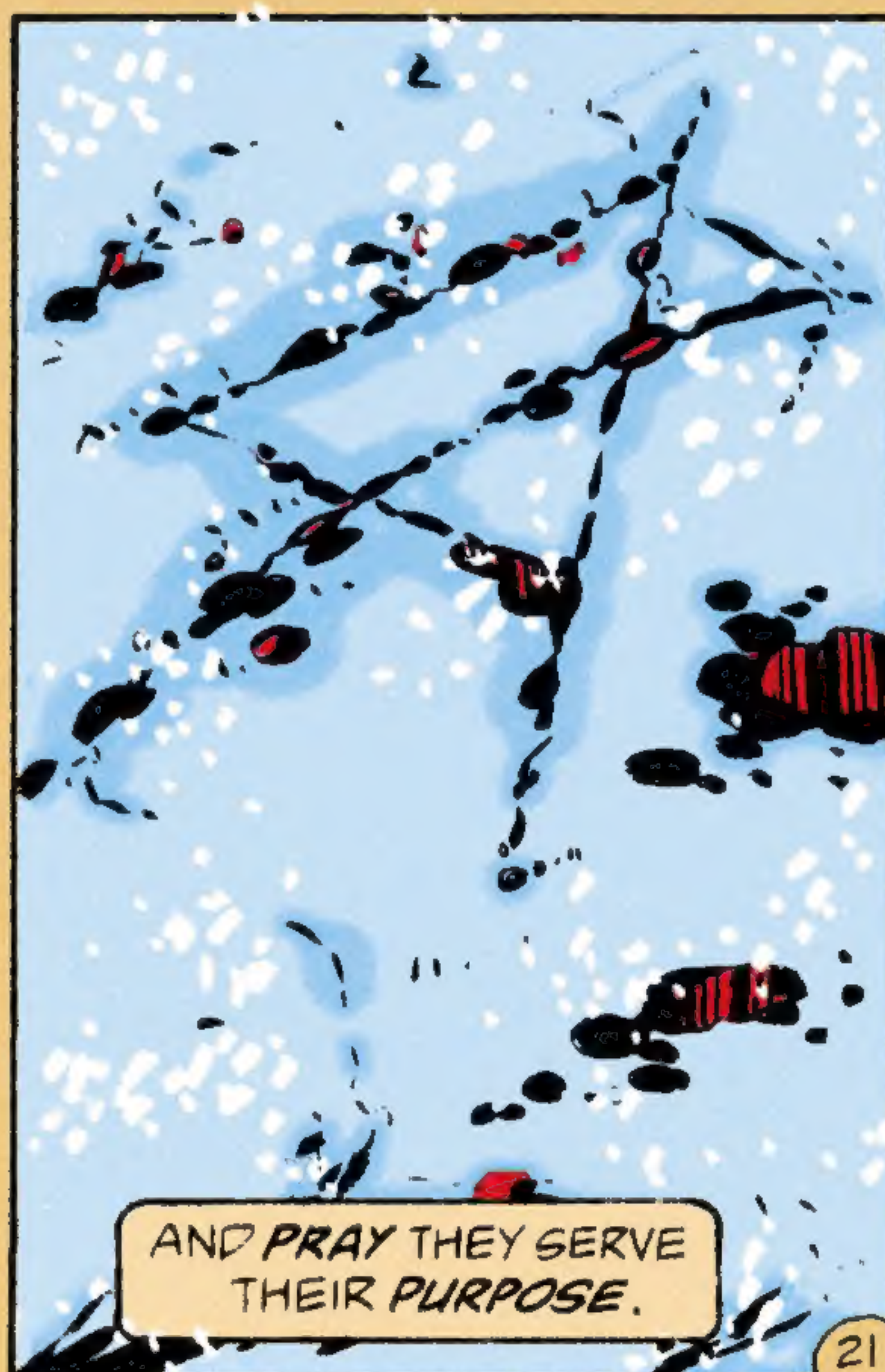
NNNO!!!



MANY OF THE ORIGINAL PIECES--  
GONE WITH THE PUPPET - MASTER,  
LOST WHEN HE WAS DESTROYED.



SO WE MAKE OUR OWN.



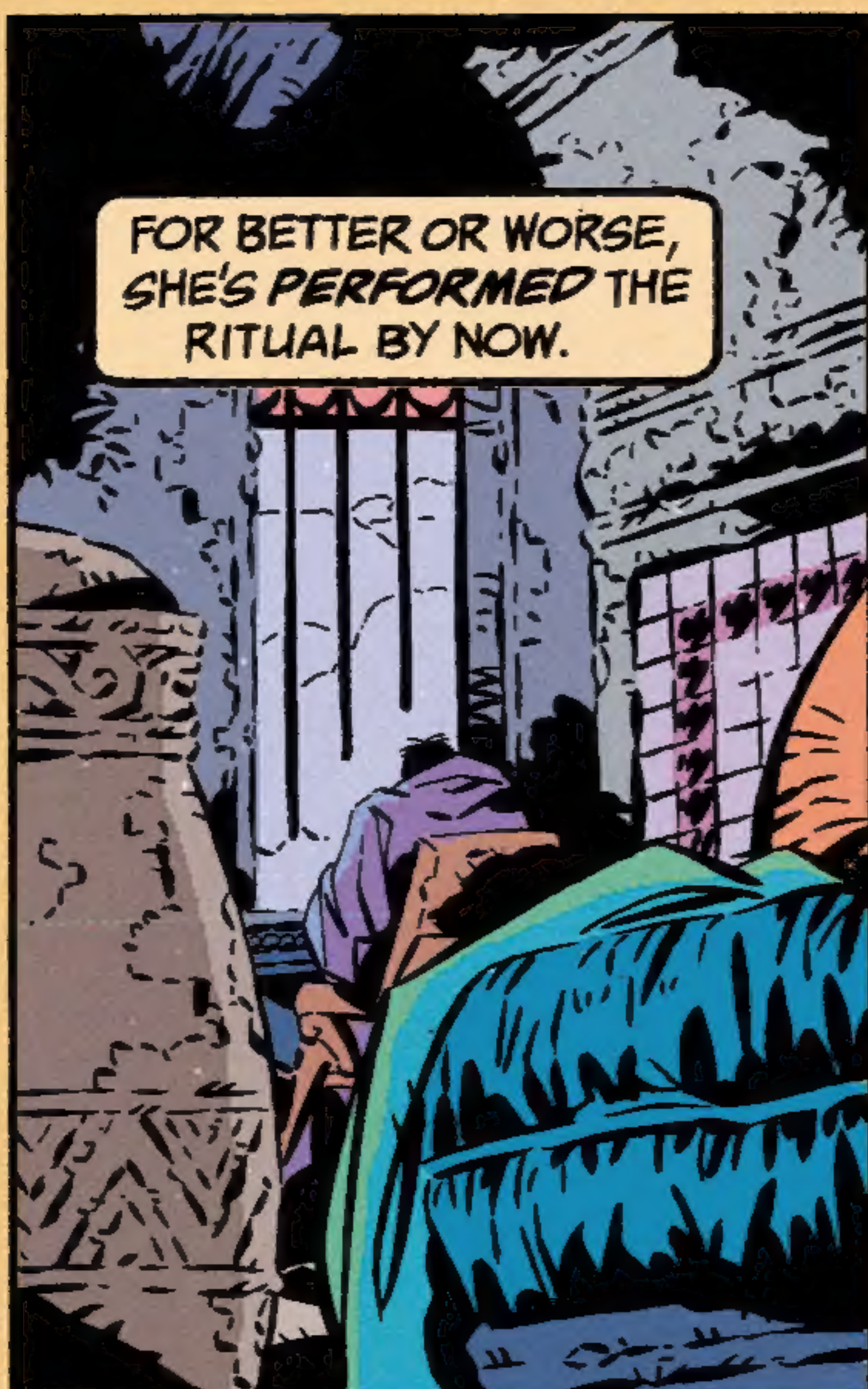
AND PRAY THEY SERVE  
THEIR PURPOSE.



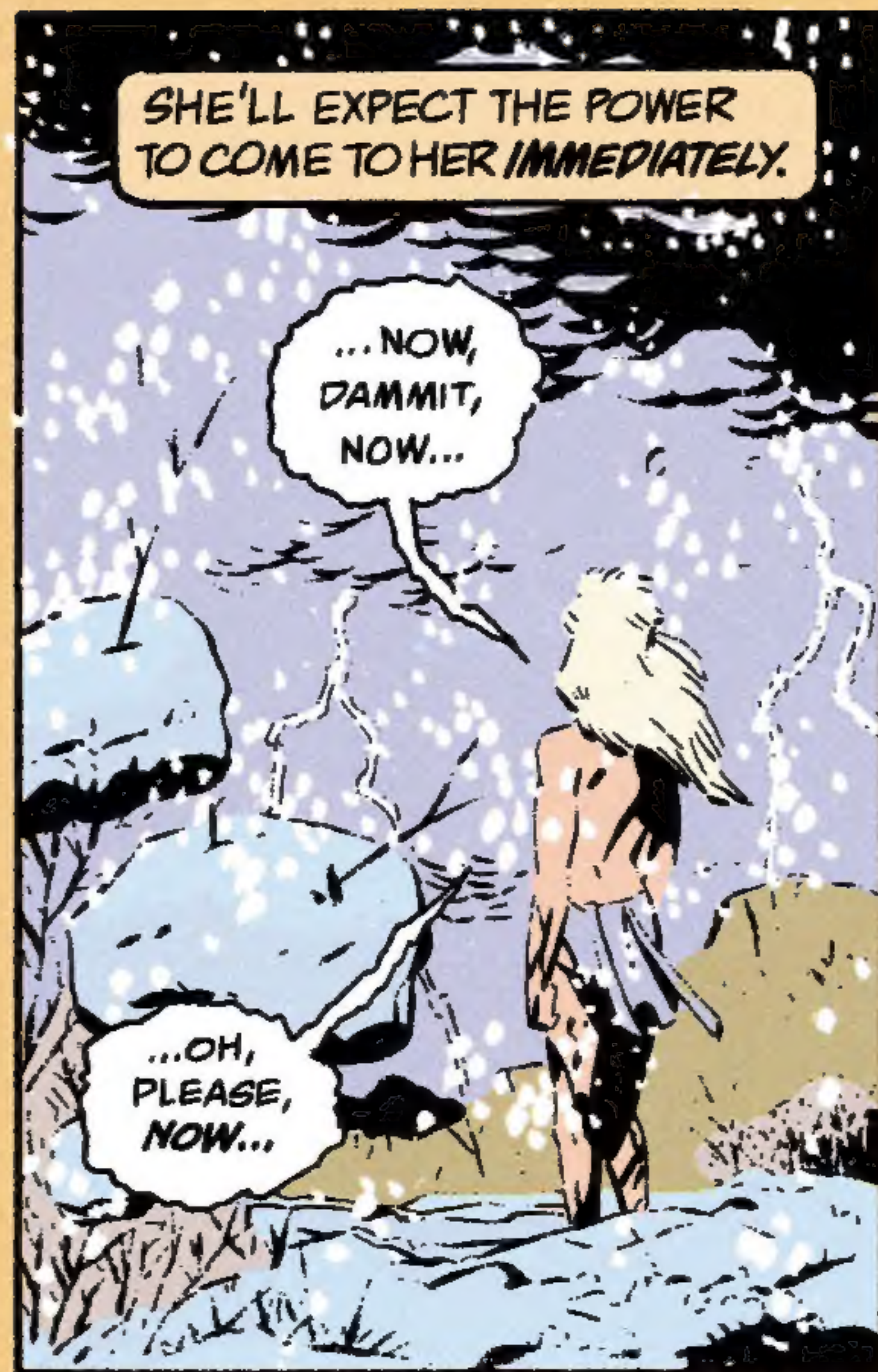


NEARLY DAWN.

AAUGH!



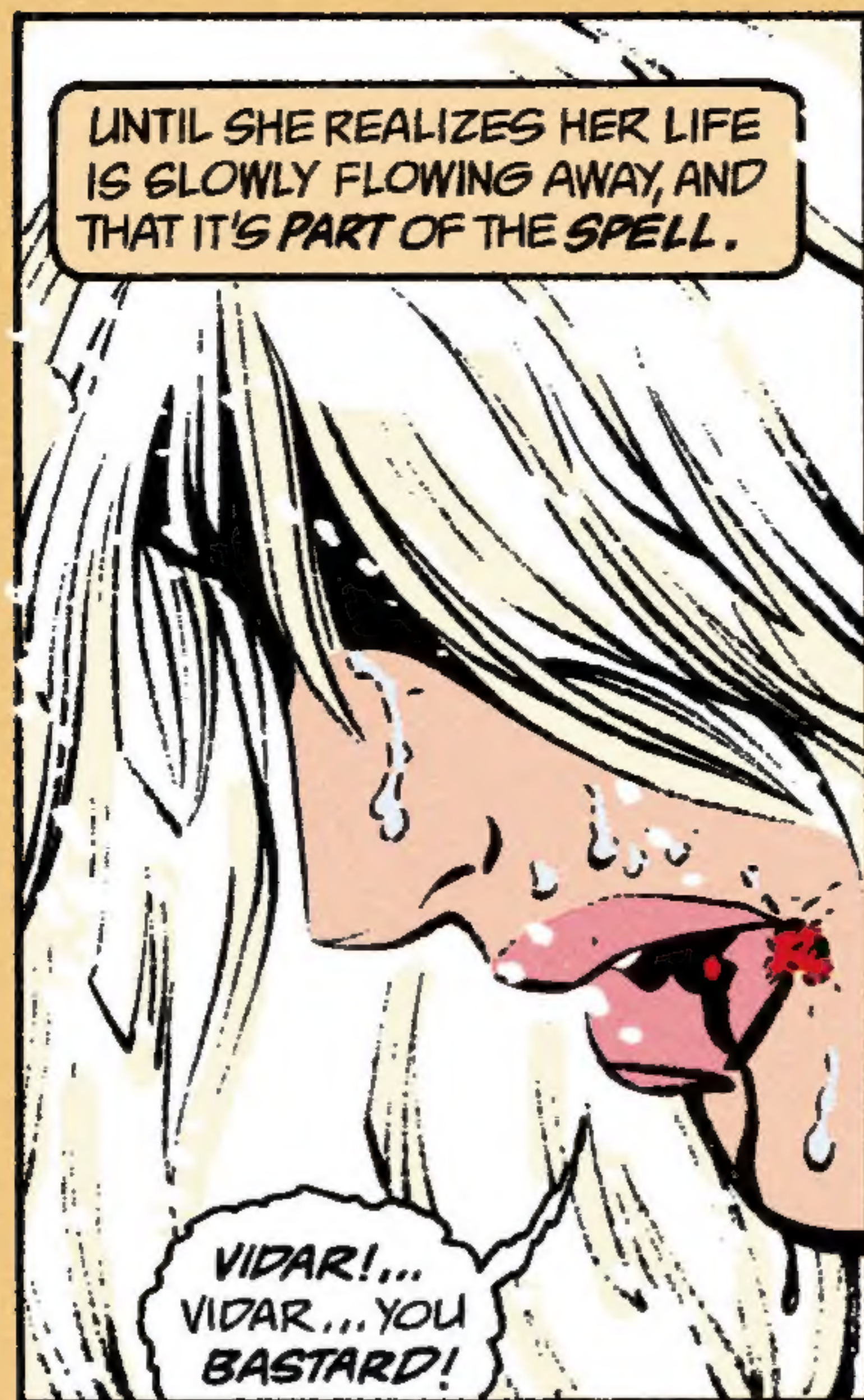
FOR BETTER OR WORSE,  
SHE'S PERFORMED THE  
RITUAL BY NOW.



SHE'LL EXPECT THE POWER  
TO COME TO HER IMMEDIATELY.

...NOW,  
DAMMIT,  
NOW...

...OH,  
PLEASE,  
NOW...



UNTIL SHE REALIZES HER LIFE  
IS SLOWLY FLOWING AWAY, AND  
THAT IT'S PART OF THE SPELL.

VIDAR!...  
VIDAR... YOU  
BASTARD!



HUHN!

AAUGHN!

SHE EXPECTED THE POWER TO  
SPARE HER THE AGONY.



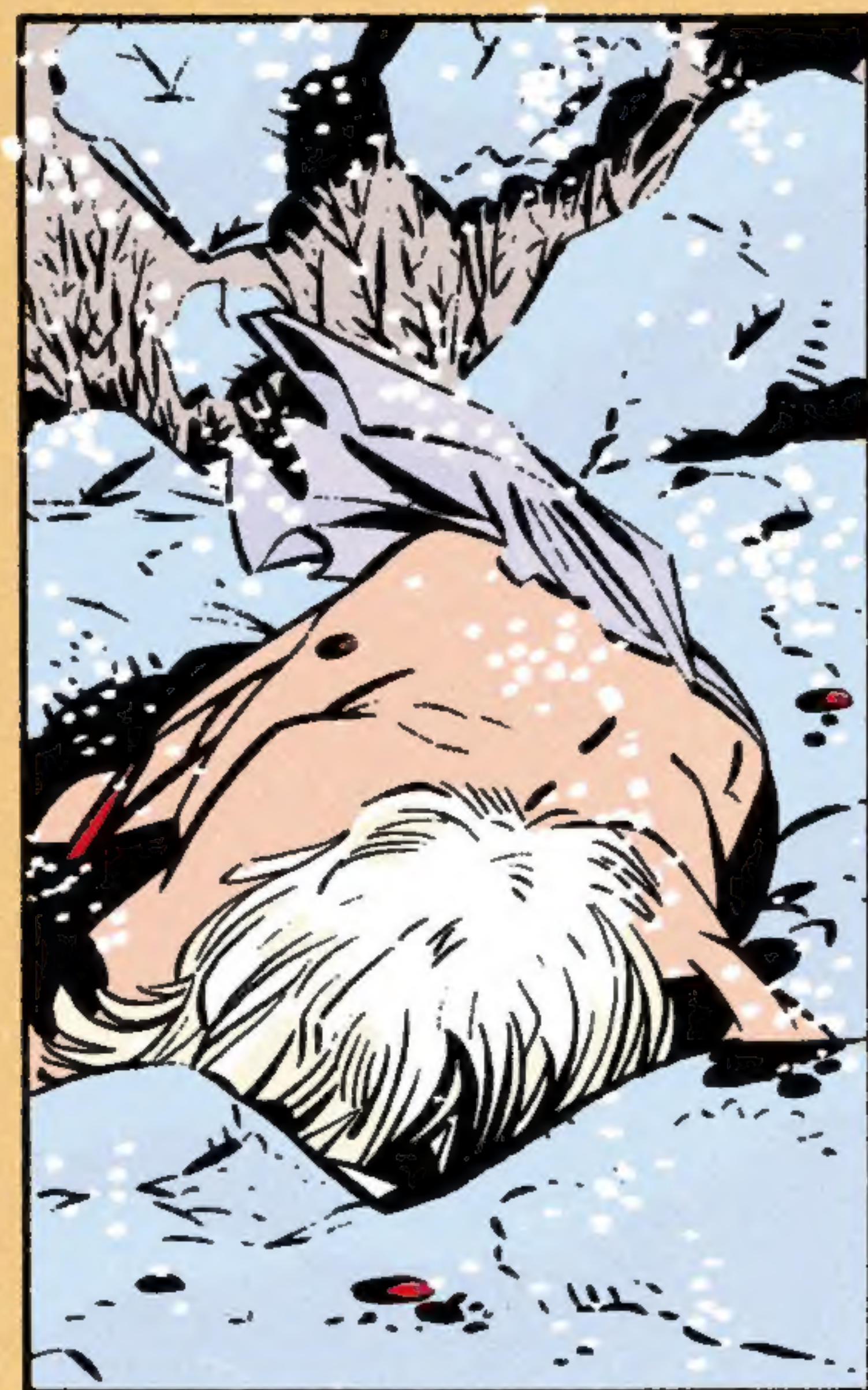
BUT THE ONLY WAY TO GET  
THE POWER IS TO ENDURE THE  
FINAL, ULTIMATE AGONY.



THE SPELL IS FATAL.

K-K-KRAK!!!

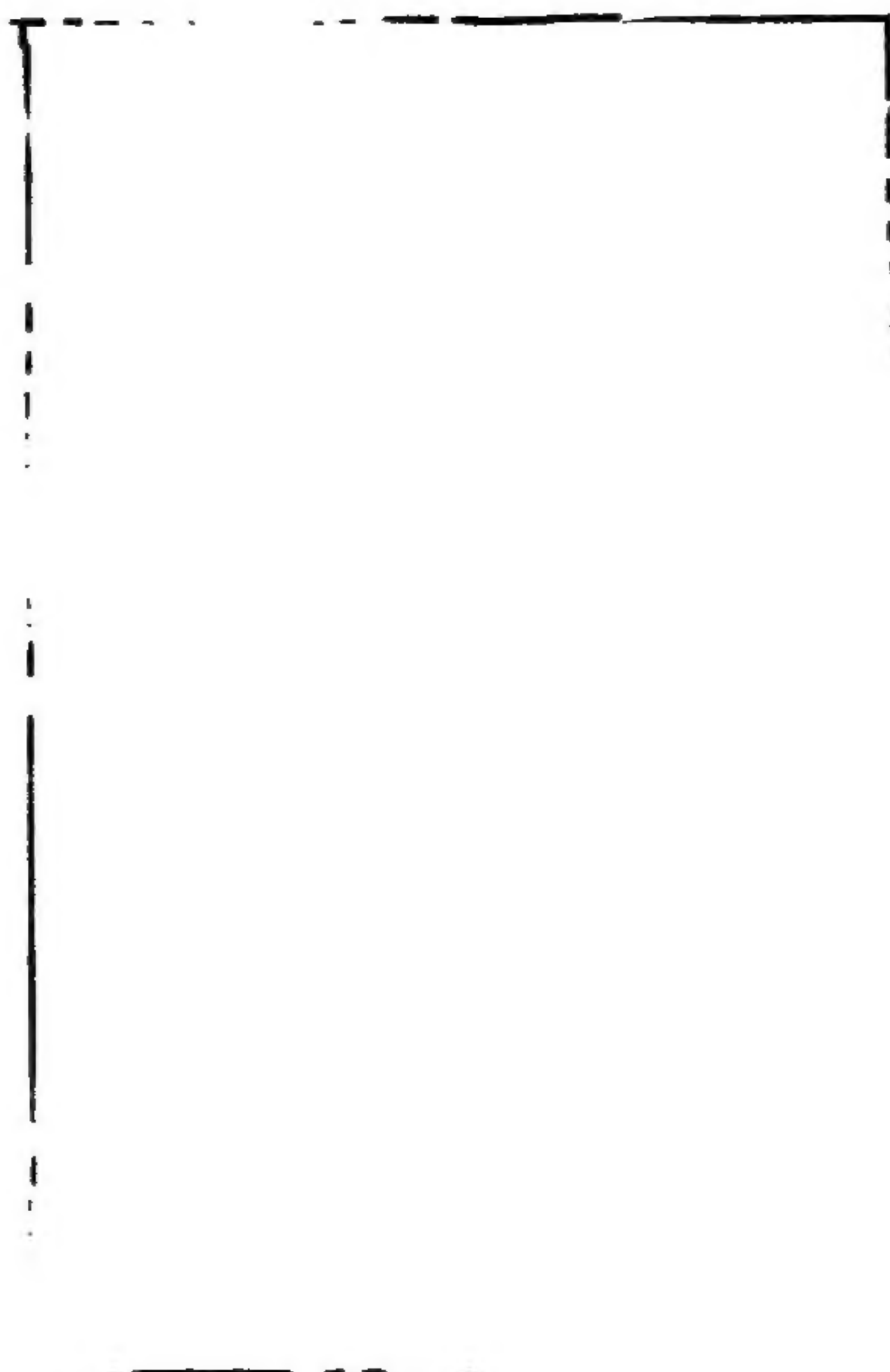
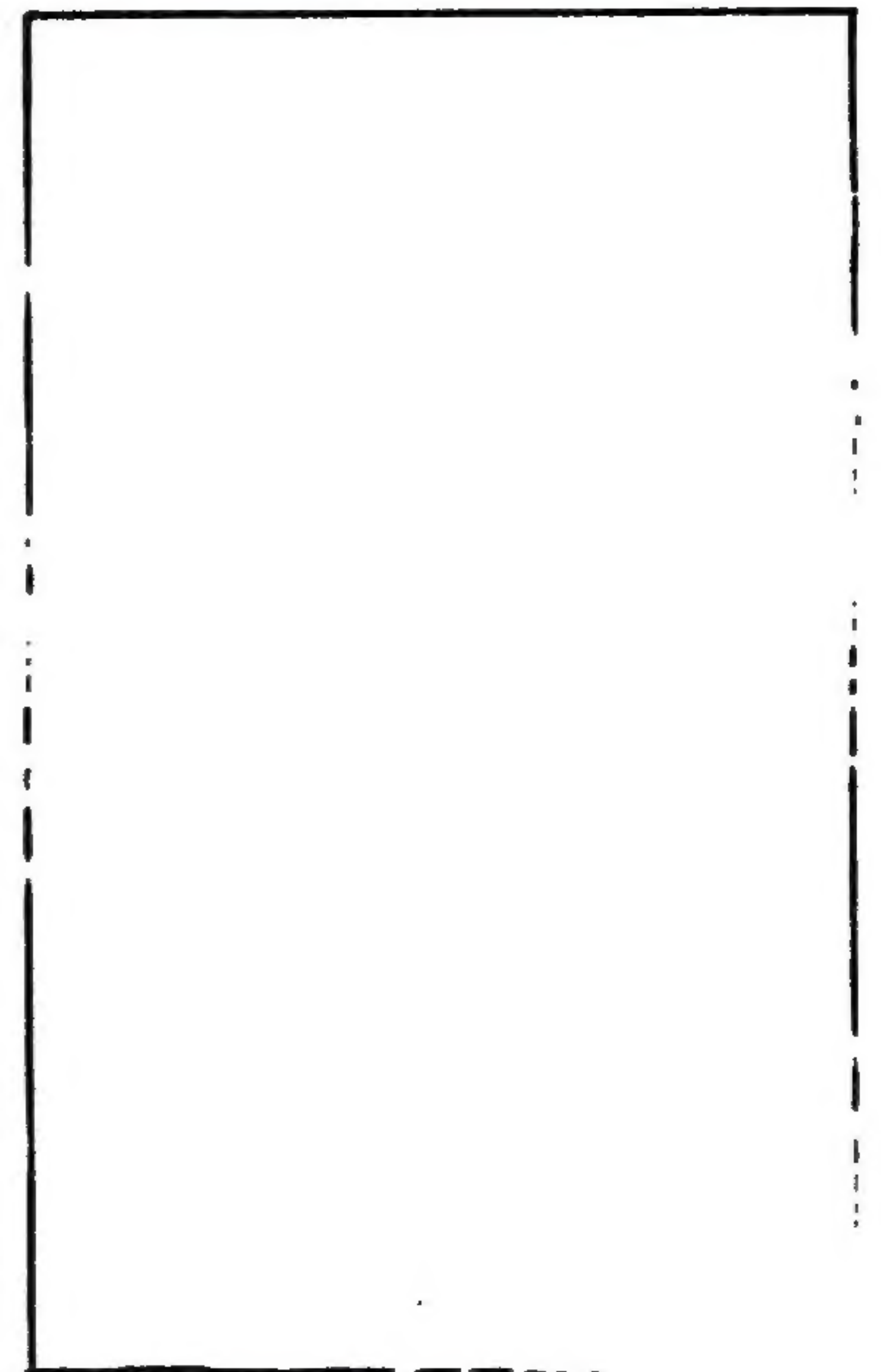
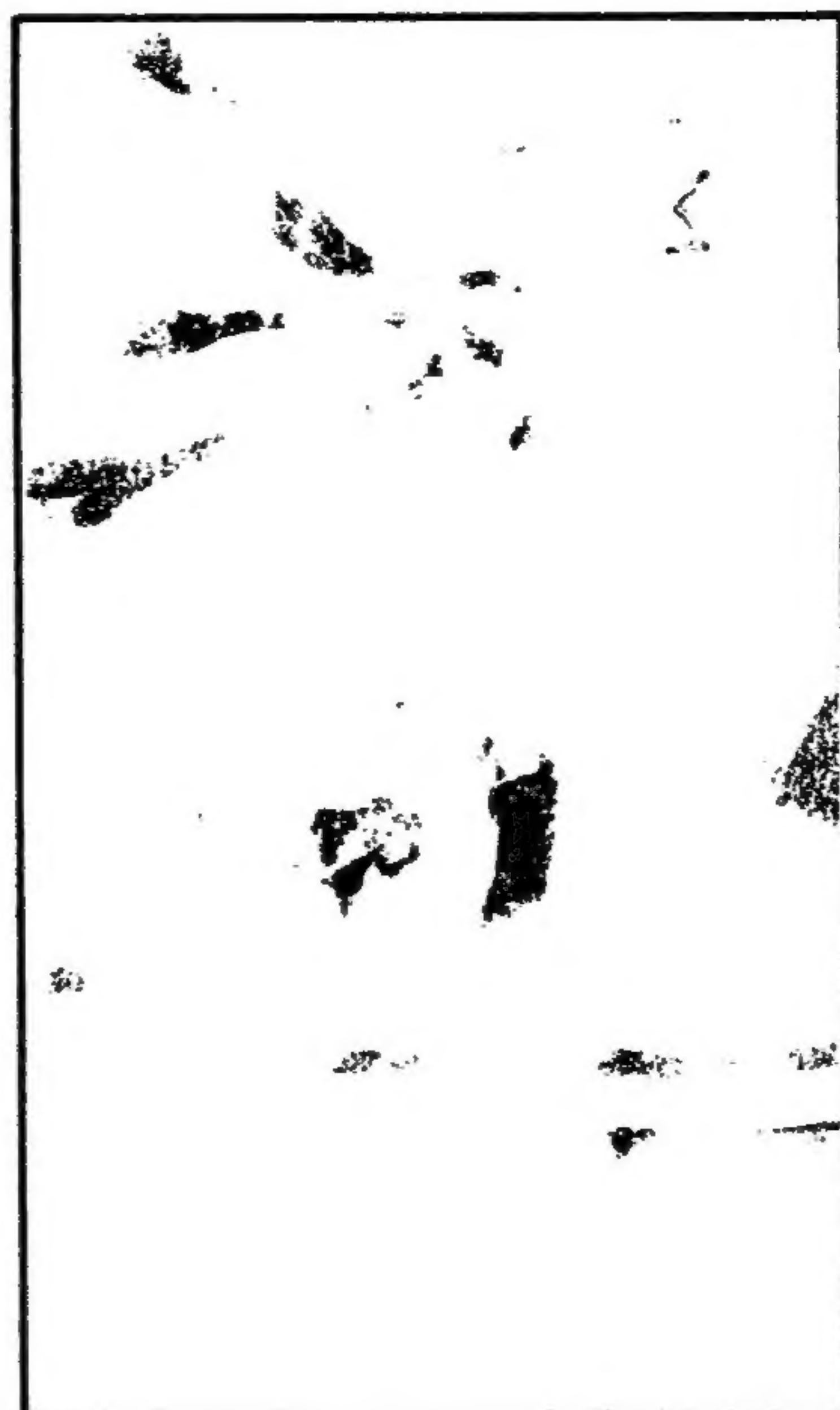
...Y-YOU  
BASTARD...



I'D LIKE TO CONSULT  
WITH YOUR WIFE ON  
THE LOBO PROBLEM.

WHY ARE  
YOU ASKING  
ME?





**KEITH GIFFEN**  
STORY & PENCILS  
**TOM & MARY**  
BIERBAUM  
STORY ASSIST  
& DIALOGUE  
**AL GORDON**  
STORY ASSIST  
& INKS  
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EDITOR

